TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. LII. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1884 NO. 27.

Poetry.

For the Blade.

EACH PLAYING A PART.

GRACE S. BURGESS.

Dear star, when you glowed in the heavens last night,
Did you shine on this cottage, pretty and white,
And peep thro' these curtains, airy and light,
Like a spy?

Did you see in the shadows, standing there,
A gay young lover with raven hair,
Bending lovingly over a lady fair,
Sweet and shy?

Did you hear those words, the tenderest known,
Uttered with vows in an under tone?
I did, dear star, for I listened; I own
I to you.

And he's going away. I heard his sighs,
And saw his look; the light in his eyes
Seemed as bright to me as yours in the skies,
Yet not so true.

For across the sea in a sunny land,
A maiden waits for the clasp of his hand;
And longs for the kiss he will give her, and—
Was it right?

Will my lady watch 'till the roses fade,
'Till her cheeks grow pale from sorrow's shade,
And the hand of Time on the brow is laid,
For her knight?

I'm no prophet, oh star, but this I know,
Her heart will not break, and no tears will flow,
For she, too, was playing a part, and so
It is well.

Here's her bridal robe. To-morrow will bring
Not the gay young knight, but her chosen king;
And soon from the chapel's dome will ring
Her wedding bell.

Woodhull, Ill.

For the Blade.

THOUGHTS ON A DREAM.

C. K. SHUTTERLY.

There never was an earthly dream
Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
As sun-rays with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart
Where'e once it loved to stray,
And left that heart more desolate
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad bright eye
But it was dimmed with tears,
Caused by such griefs as even dull
The sunshine of our years.
We look upon the sweetest flower;
'Tis with rest soon and gone;
We gaze upon a star to find
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,
A mind of worth and power,
That had not, in this changing world,
Some misery for its dower.
The laurel on thy brow hath bid
From many a careless eye,
The secret of the soul within
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be—
On earth a precious spring,
Whose waters to the fevered lip
Unfailing we may bring.
All changeth on this troubled shore,
And passeth from thee sight:
O, for that word where joy and peace
Reign as eternal light.

Utica, Mich.

"OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "I and you,
Out to old Aunt Mary's!"

It all comes back so clear to day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn lot and down the lane
We patter along in the du'l ache,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering red heads hopped away,
And the buzzard raised in the open sky
And lolled and circled as we went by
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again:
And the teams we met and the country men;
And the long highway with the sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
And our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and over
The clapboard roof. And her face—oh, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

And oh, my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits to day
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come!" And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Light happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it.
Our hands contain the magic wand;
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them of countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

MRS. DRUMMOND.

A Railway Mystery.

BY ERNEST WARREN,

Author of "Court and Camp," "Throne and Scaffold," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

I was thirty-eight years old the very day it happened.

I mention this at the outset that you may understand that I was no giddy, flighty romantic girl, with a head filled with nonsense extracted from cheap novels.

On the contrary, I believe I was then as devoid of imagination as I am now. A plain matter of fact, every day woman with a certain amount of practical common sense, Caroline Trestrail by name. A woman best described by negatives. Neither short nor tall, neither thin nor stout, neither handsome nor ugly, neither stupid nor clever. I am a single woman, I have never been in love, I am the absolute possessor of a certain sum of money invested in consols which gives me an income of a little more than fifty pounds a year, and this, at the time of which I write, I supplemented by the wages I earned as companion to a wealthy elderly lady who resided in a lonely house in the extreme north of England. My duties were light. I attended to the affairs of the household, I walked and talked with Mrs. Carnaby, my mistress, I read the newspaper to her, and in the evenings played upon the piano or occasionally indulged in a quiet game of cribbage.

I dwell upon the details to show how dull and prosaic was the life I led, how little likely were my surroundings to qualify me for a heroine of romance.

Now I will tell my story, prefacing it by the declaration that I hardly expect to be believed, for the events of my 38th birthday were so strange as to be a grave test of the credulity of those who for every why desire a wherefore.

I had been spending three days in London. A young nephew, my only relative, had thrown up a position he held in a bank in order to emigrate to New Zealand, and knowing that in the ordinary course of events we should never meet again in this world, I traveled to the great City to bid him farewell.

The last good-bye was spoken at the London docks. I added to the contents of his scanty purse a ten pound note, which was all that I could afford, and when I had seen the great ship which was to bear him to the Antipodes warped out from the dock and towed into the broad river, I called a cab and drove straight to the Euston station, arriving in good time to catch the 3 o'clock express to the North.

There was a compartment in the train reserved for ladies, and in this I took my seat, being the only occupant. I was congratulating myself on having the entire carriage at my disposal, when I noticed a group of three persons walking toward the door.

A man, a gentleman, judging by his appearance and dress, passably good-looking, and with a small yellow moustache and even white teeth, had his arm around the waist of a closely veiled lady, who was farther supported on the other side by a stout elderly woman, whose general mien was that of a foreigner.

The lady whom they thus bore toward the compartment in which I sat, seemed wholly incapable of helping herself, unable even to put one foot before the other. Between them they lifted her into the carriage and placed her in the seat next to the window, and furthest away from all. I offered my assistance, but the stout woman somewhat brusquely and speaking with a strong French accent, gave me to understand that the veiled lady was a great invalid, and that she, the speaker, was quite able to do all that was necessary without any aid from a stranger.

Like the Briton I am, I resented this speech as unmannerly and rude, and half turning my back upon them, stared steadily from my window until the signal was given, and the train glided smoothly from the platform. We started on what was destined to prove a most eventful journey. The man with the yellow moustache remained behind. The last I saw of him he was waving one daintily gloved hand in careless adieu, as with the other he lit a tiny cigarette.

If the stout Frenchwoman had been abrupt with me she was all that was kind and gentle to the poor creature whom she accompanied. She tended her with a loving care which softened the annoyance I felt by reason of her behavior to me.

She supported her with her arm, she suffered her head to rest upon her shoulder, but what struck me as a little singular was the fact that neither of them spoke. Their attentions were given and received in perfect silence.

I was only a female. I own to two of the prevailing characteristics of my sex. The first, the commiseration which one woman naturally feels for another in pain or suffering, the second—curiosity.

"Your friend seems very ill," I remarked, begarding a second rebuff in my desire to obtain some information.

"She *is* ill," was the reply.

"From what is she suffering?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Are you a doctor, a newspaper reporter, or only an inquisitive English woman?" she answered, slightly shifting her position and interposing her bulk in such a manner as to render it impossible for me to see the invalid without positive rudeness.

I turned scarlet at this impertinent rejoinder. I should have liked to have made a cutting reply, but none occurring to me at the moment I sniffed scornfully and looked from my window at the flying landscape.

A maiden lady of 38, British born, does not relish being snubbed by a stout, elderly Frenchwoman, with black, bead-like eyes, and an incipient moustache.

Forbidden to express my sympathy or interest, I contented myself with every now and again stealing a furtive glance at the invalid and her nurse, and so surely I found them in the same position. The old Frenchwoman with her arm around the veiled lady's waist, the veiled lady with her head resting on the Frenchwoman's shoulder. Both silent, both almost as motionless as if carved from marble.

The train rushed darting on its way, puffing, snorting, roaring and bellowing, leaving a trail of steam and glowing ashes behind it as the rails flew like rapidly unrolling ribbons beneath our feet. After leaving Willesden Junction, there was no stoppage for two hours and a quarter, when we were due at Rugby.

For some reason—what that reason was I cannot attempt to define—I felt somewhat uneasy about my fellow passengers.

Though perhaps, not a strong-minded woman in accordance with the general acceptation of the term, I am not, as a rule, subject to whim or caprice, and I was indignant with myself that I should, against my better knowledge suffer myself to be disquieted, even for a moment, by such very commonplace traveling companions as a sick lady and her snappish attendant.

Still strive as I would against the absurdity it seemed to me that I was in the presence of something strange, eerie, uncanny, though I knew not what, and so much did this feeling increase that I determined to change my carriage when the train arrived at Rugby.

Punctual to time we slackened speed on approaching this great junction, and I began to gather my little personal belongings together, when I was startled by the Frenchwoman accosting me in a far milder tone than that which she had adopted in replying to my questions.

"Does not madame go beyond this station?" she asked.

I stammered and faltered, as if caught in the commission of some crime that I certainly was going a considerable distance farther, and I laid down my satchel and illustrated newspapers with quite a guilty air.

"Because a madame proposed to remain in the carriage, she the nurse, would get some brandy at the refreshment room for the poor sufferer. Perhaps, too, madame would prevent the entrance of other persons into the compartment by saying it was reserved, and further, one more favor, should the invalid arouse would madame do anything for her she needed. Though should she not awake would madame kindly refrain from approaching or accosting her?" I promised to attend to all these instructions.

"But," I said, "you will only be absent a few minutes?"

"Two—tree—minute—dat all," avowed the French woman as she waddled along the platform in the direction of the refreshment room.

The invalid leaning back in her seat, her face turned slightly from me, her veil still down, remained motionless as a statue. The stillness of my strange traveling companion became almost unbearable. If she would only have turned her head, have spoken, or even have altered the position of the gloved hand which lay so devoid of motion in her lap, it would have been a relief.

A feeling of great fear took possession of me. I was rivetted, fascinated, held to my seat by a nameless dread. My pulse beat fast, my breath came quick as I strained my eyes for the return of the old French nurse.

The "two—tree—minute" increased to eight and ten and still she did not come back. The loud clanging bell rang its note of warning, and still she did not come back; the whistle screeched, the train slowly glided from the platform, and still she did not come back!

Then, when I realized that I was alone with this dumb, motionless fellow passenger, this veiled lady, whose presence filled me with a terror for which I could not account, my position thrilled me with horror, and, leaning from the window I called to the guard to stop the train.

Passengers in the near compartments put out their heads and laughed at me for my pains. The guard, swinging himself from the steps into his van, grinned and shrugged his shoulders at my passionate entreaties.

What was a fat old French woman left behind at Rugby, to him? It was but the commonest incident of daily travel.

There then was I alone in a compartment of a first-class carriage on the North-western Railway, with a mysterious sick woman, whose presence caused me a kind of painful awe, a shrinking dread, for which I was at a loss to account, alone with her for an hour and a half, at all events, for the train did not stop again during that time.

Being fairly strong-minded and matter of fact, I reasoned with myself at the folly of encouraging such absurd feelings and, as the best way to counteract them, I moved my place and took the seat next to the invalid, the seat lately occupied by the French nurse, and it was fortunate I did so, for in rounding a curve at full speed, the carriage gave a sudden lurch and the poor lady weak and feeble fell forward and might have received a severe blow had not I been near enough to catch her in my arms.

I supported her tenderly. I spoke comforting words to her. I put my arm round her waist as the Frenchwoman had done. She accepted all my services without a word.

A little annoyed at such strange behavior I withdrew my arm. My hand was wet. I glanced at it and to my terror found it was stained with blood.

In a moment the terrible position I was in flashed into my mind. I was traveling alone with the corpse of a murdered woman!

No words of mine, no pen and ink expression can give a notion of the paralyzing horror of that moment. I stood in the swaying carriage with starting eyes, bewildered and as one distraught.

Then acting on a sudden impulse I wrenched away the veil which concealed the features of the supposed invalid and as I did so a pair of wide, rigid, sightless eyes stared into mine.

Dead! Yes, she was quite dead—dead and cold. Her blue grey lips were parted as if to give utterance to the last cry for help, her eyes were fixed in an expression of such despair as I hope I may never see again on face of dead or living.

And yet it was a beautiful face—very beautiful.

The cheeks, though ashen white, had the plump contour of youth. The mouth, though opened in horror, was beautifully shaped, while the eyes, those terrible wide staring eyes, though glazed in death, were of that soft, deep, rich brown, met with more frequently in the gazelle, and such like animals of the brute creation, than in human beings.

Her figure was slight and well proportioned; she was handsomely dressed in a light summer costume, as I saw when with trembling hands I removed her cloak, but over her heart that dress was stained crimson with her life blood.

I remained a few moments staring like a maniac at this terrible spectacle, staring till the features of the dead were indelibly imprinted on my brain for ever, and then—then—I suppose I fainted, for I knew no more till many weeks later, I returned to consciousness, after a severe attack of brain fever which nearly cost my life.

CHAPTER II.

WAS IT A DREAM?

It was some time before they suffered me to talk of the horrible journey, which for a while unhinged my reason.

When I was strong enough to give a detailed account of all that I knew, my depositions were taken down to further the ends of justice, but nothing, absolutely nothing, could be discovered to serve as the slightest clue to the unraveling of the mysterious tragedy.

The body of the murdered lady had not been identified. Full descriptions were sent all over the country, but no one of her very notable appearance was missing; men traveled from other countries, men who had lost wife or child, but the victim of the railway tragedy was not she whom they sought. The telegraph flashed messages beneath the sea, the mails brought anxious letters of enquiry, detectives worked and newspaper men wrote and wrote, but the assassinated woman remained nameless and unclaimed.

The stout Frenchwoman, who had been carefully noticed by the guard and other passengers by that fatal 3 o'clock express, had never been seen since leaving the refreshment room at Rugby Station.

All trace of her was lost from the time the train left that station, and yet so peculiar was she in figure, manner and address, that she could hardly, one would have thought, have escaped observation.

The only possible assistance I was able to render was a description of the gentleman who had accompanied the two women, the dead and the living, to Euston Station.

And of what avail was that description?

A walk along one of the London streets would show a thousand like him. Medium height, fairly good looking, small yellow moustache, neatly dressed and with nothing to distinguish him from a crowd of others to whom the same description would apply equally well.

I told them all I knew. No—not all. There was one thing I kept religiously to myself, for I knew that were I to speak, my words would be answered by an incredulous smile and my sentences attributed to the wild vagaries of the train fear which had nearly been my death.

I hesitate as I come to this portion of my narrative.

I am no believer in the supernatural. I have never been a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions, and yet, by the working of subsequent events, I can only suppose that some strange and unknown power manifested certain truths to me which would have ever remained hidden mysteries but for the exercise of this occult force—whatever it might be.

Was it a dream? Who shall say?

It came to me, not once, not a dozen, not a hundred times, but was forever present to my mental vision.

Always, always, a tragedy was being enacted before my eyes as vividly and as perfect in all its details as if it were a scene in a stage play. Always, always was it present to me, never varying in the slightest particular. Day and night sleeping and waking—a crime was ever committed before my eyes in deathly silence.

The lips of the actors moved, but no sound came from them; the expression of their faces changed, but they remained mute—the death blow was struck, and not a sigh or murmur followed.

Let us try to write here, without a word of comment, the scene which was ever present before us.

A large and lofty room, bare walls, worn carpet, heavy old-fashioned furniture, a massive sideboard, a piano, and by its side an ancient tarnished harp, lacking half its strings, a large fire-place, three windows, long and narrow, with solid frame work, two doors, a commonplace room enough. There would be thousands such in the country districts of England.

This much for the scene; the actors were but two.

A woman, a young and beautiful woman, with a face never to be forgotten by me. I had seen it in reality, distorted with the pangs of violent death, and it was still beautiful; as I saw it in my vision, it was like a dream of loveliness—but the same face—yes, the same face.

She stands by one of the long, narrow windows; her face is sad, and the tears are in her deep brown eyes. There was that expression in her face seen sometimes in a panting, hunted stag ere he turns to bay.

The door opens and the expression in her eyes turns to one of alarm as a man of medium hight, well shaped and with a small moustache crossed the room towards her. He bends over her, he lays his hand upon her shoulder. She shudders and draws back. He only smiles and shows his even white teeth.

By his gestures he appears to be endeavoring to persuade her to some course of action which she declines to pursue. He no longer smiles. There is an angry gleam in his eyes, he raises his hand in menace. She confronts him boldly, unflinchingly.

Slowly, stealthily, his eyes still fixed on her with his left hand he draws a long thin stiletto from its sheath, so thin it looks of scarcely less substance than a knitting needle.

He brendishes it before her eyes. She smiles in calm disdain. His face is full of passion, hers of calm resignation.

Again he threatens. She bares her breast and points to her heart defiantly. He hesitates, but for a moment only. He places the sharp, glittering steel against her fair white flesh. She never moves, she never quails. The expression on her face is one of calm contempt, on his that of devilish malignity.

One thrust. A few drops of blood ooze out upon her light dress, she stands erect, the smile fades, the lips part as if in a death cry, the beautiful eyes glare, she reels and totters then falls heavily forward, face downward on the carpet.

This was the scene always present before my eyes. No more and no less. Constantly repeated without the variation of a look or gesture.

I know that the world will laugh at this and make haste to explain the seeming mystery.

The features of the murdered woman as seen by all in the railway carriage were naturally fixed in my memory; there was nothing strange in my identifying the man with the yellow mustache, who came to the Euston Station with the tragedy. I had seen the nature of the wound inflicted, so with these unquestioned facts to go upon, there was little marvel that my excited fancy, my feverish brain, should conjure up a scene in which imagination filled the blanks.

Was it a dream?

For a long time I was inclined to answer the question in the affirmative. I wished to believe it was nothing more, and as I have already said, I kept this terrible picture which was ever present before my eyes, a close secret, never breathing word to living soul, though in my innermost heart I firmly believed the unfortunate lady had met her death precisely in the manner in which it was pictured to me.

Months passed by, and the tragedy was well nigh forgotten by the general world. I resumed my old position as companion to Mrs. Carnaby, and strove by the faithful discharge of my duties to drive from my memory the vision which haunted me.

After a while it became somewhat less vivid, and when my good and kind-hearted employer was stricken with paralysis and lay helpless on her death bed, my cares and anxiety for her almost drove the remembrance of the vision from my mind. *Almost* but never *quite*. It would return to me at moments when I was occupied with far different thoughts; it would come to me in the still watches of the night, and when my good friend, Mrs. Carnaby died, it resumed its sway over me with greater distinctness than ever.

Mrs. Carnaby left me a handsome legacy; but I was alone in the world and I could not live in dreary solitude with no companion but this constantly recurring picture of murder, and so it came about that after attempting a life of idleness I gave it up in despair and inserted an advertisement in the London *Times* setting forth my qualifications to act as companion or housekeeper to a lady, and anxiously waited replies.

CHAPTER III.

"CAN THE GRAVE GIVE UP ITS DEAD?"

I had two answers to my advertisement. The first I put aside at once as not likely to suit. The second, which did not reach me till three days later, seemed to be the very situation I should have chosen had I made one for myself.

Mrs. Francis Drummond, of Maple Hall, near Joybridge, Devonshire, wrote that she was in need of a companion who would not be expected to take any part in house management but would, be looked upon as a friend of the family. She added that she was subject at intervals to fits of nervous depression, and as her husband was continually called from home she was unable to bear the solitude of the house, which was situated in the midst of most beautiful scenery, but so isolated, so far removed from any neighbor's, that it more resembled a desert island than a country manor house.

I took to her from the style of her letter. The terms she offered were liberal, and I replied by return mail that I would accept the position and would travel to Maple Hall as soon as she wished to receive me. I received a telegram bidding me come immediately and adding that if I wired by what train I should travel a carriage would be sent to the station to meet me.

It was a long journey from the far North of England to the extreme South, the first long journey I had undertaken since that memorable one on my 38th birthday.

I shrank from it with a natural nervousness, but I fought against the feeling successfully. It was as if I were urged to go by some unseen power. I do not expect you to believe this, but it is nevertheless a fact, and when the morning came for my departure I felt as one embarking on some great enterprise, but with success already assured.

What enterprise? What success?

This was more than I could tell.

I looked in the glass ere I left my home in the North. I was not yet 38, but the features I saw reflected were old and worn and livid; the hair was plentifully besprinkled with grey. I looked at least 10 years older than the day I traveled by the 3 o'clock express from London to the North.

The terror of that journey, and the subsequent attack of serious illness, had left their mark upon me, and those who had only seen me before my adventure, would have hardly recognized me again, so greatly had I changed, so aged was I before my time.

I was ever a lover of the beautiful in nature, and experienced much pleasure in a sojourn amongst the hills and woods of beautiful Devonshire, a county which I had never visited before, and as the 10 days sped and as I approached my journey's end I looked from the window of the carriage with delight on the beautiful succession of pastoral landscape stretching before me.

Understand positively, that I had never been in Devonsire, that I had never been within eighty or a hundred miles of Joybridge, and explain, if you can, for I can not, how it could be that as I neared my destination, everything I saw appeared perfectly familiar to me. I knew instinctively when I reached the station, I recognized, as it were in my inner consciousness, that the little pony phæton waiting amongst at least half a dozen other vehicles, was the carriage sent to fetch me to Maple Hall, and I was quite prepared for the groom's announcement that Mrs. Drummond would have met me herself, but that she was suffering from an attack of nervous headache.

Almost every one at some period of his or her life have felt that they have done a certain thing or visited a certain place before, though memory assures them such is not the fact.

During the whole of the long drive the feeling was strong upon me that this was not the first time I had travelled the road, so strangely familiar did it appear. Whenever we came to cross roads I knew with never failing accuracy which turn we should take, and when a large square grey house with many windows, completely embowered in trees, loomed darkly against an angry blood-red sunset sky, I needed no word from the driver who sat by my side to tell me I had reached my destination, and that Maple Hall, my future home, was before me.

As we turned in at the lodge gates and the wheels rolled smoothly over the broad well-kept drive, the vision which had haunted me so many months appeared before my mental eyes with such force and distinctness as to startle me into a sudden exclamation, used as I was to it. Once more that ghastly tragedy was enacted before my gaze, once more I saw the silent horror of the scene in all its thrilling detail.

The horror must have been reflected in my face, for the man, as he reined in the ponys at the front door, asked me if I were ill, or in pain.

I made some commonplace rejoinder that I was fatigued with my journey, and then descending from the chair I entered the house.

It was a fine June evening, but I shivered as I crossed the threshold.

I was ushered into the drawing-room. A fine large apartment, but sombre and desolate. The furniture was of an old, out of time, bye-gone fashion, heavy and cumbrous. The hangings were dark of hue and funereal. No bright colors, no tasteful ornaments, no flowers even brought light and cheerfulness into the gloomy chamber.

A thin, prudish, vinegary looking housekeeper came to me immediately. Mrs. Drummond was laying down but would dress and be with me shortly, if meantime I would take some refreshment, of which she kindly said she was sure I must be in need after my long and fatiguing journey.

Only waiting to divest myself of bonnet and shawl, I followed the housekeeper across the broad hall, marble payed and decorated with solemn begrimed portraits, for the most part in costumes of from two to three centuries back, and as she opened the door facing as I entered the dining-room of Maple Hall, I started and uttered a faint cry.

Well might I do so. I saw before me, for the first time in actual existence, a room every circle of which was as familiar to me as if I had inhabited it for years. It was the room in which the ghastly tragedy of the vision was ever present to me.

There were the long, narrow windows, the bare walls, the worn carpet, the heavy furniture. There stood the sideboard, there the piano. But one thing was different.

Without reflecting and gasping my question without thought, and on the impulse of the moment, I turned to the housekeeper and asked:

"What have you done with the harp?"

She bent a stern, scrutinizing gaze upon me.

"I thought you were strange to Devonshire," she replied, "but you have evidently been here before."

"No, no—never"—I stammered.

"It is odd," she said coldly. "It is more than odd, that you, a stranger, should inquire for an old, battered, tarnished harp which certainly used to stand by the piano till a few months ago. Who told you of it? Of what concern is it to you?"

"Forgive me," I faltered. "I am tired with my journey and faint. I know not what I said or why I said it. I have never been in this house before, and until I received Mrs. Drummond's letter I did not know that Maple Hall existed."

Again she looked at me with her steel-grey eyes as if she would read my inmost thoughts, but she made no rejoinder, but motioned me to take my seat at the table where a meal was spread.

Fancy the agitation of my feelings. I was in the room which had haunted me so long, the room which I had seen day after day in my mind, with the same perfectness of detail, the same distinctness as it was now present to my actual sight.

If any proof were wanting that it was no mere chance coincidence, was it not furnished by the missing harp?

I had always seen the old instrument in yonder corner by the piano, and had not the housekeeper acknowledged that until quite recently it had in very truth occupied the position I assigned to it?

That could be no chance coincidence.

I could not eat. My brain was too active, my thoughts were too much occupied, but I managed to swallow a glass of wine. All the time the housekeeper stood facing me, never moving her eyes from my face—watching me with the intentness with which the cat watches the mouse.

It was strange to me that I felt no fear. My sensations were rather those of one who puzzles over an obtruse mathematical problem. I knew certain things, but I understood nothing. Where should I look for the clue to guide me to a comprehension of the mystery?

A bell rang, and then for the first time the woman with the steel grey eyes, withdrew her gaze, and with a few words to the effect that the bell was a summons from Mrs. Drummond, who would doubtless join me in a few minutes, she left the room.

I was alone, but the terror which the vision had so often caused me was absent, now that I moved in the very scene of the tragedy. I walked to the window, that window against the frame of which I had so often seen, in my mind's eye, the graceful figure of the fair girl leaning in an attitude of sorrow and despair.

I stood upon the very spot *she* occupied in my vision. A door opened, and I turned quickly; nor should I have been surprised had it given admission to him who played so terrible a part in the drama. But it was no man who entered, but a woman—a fair delicate woman, who, as she advanced nearer revealed to my amazement, to my dumbfounded astonishment, the identical features of the victim of the railway tragedy, the features which were indelibly impressed on my memory, the features which had been ever present to me since the day I left Euston by the 3 o'clock express.

"Can the grave give up its dead?" I asked myself tremulously, and I stood as one rooted to the spot, not daring to advance or retire.

"I am Mrs. Drummond," said the lady. "Welcome to Maple Hall. We shall be good friends, shall we not?" and she took my two hands in hers and pressed them with cordial warmth.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Southern Judge decides that a husband can "strike his wife three licks with a switch and escape punishment." Not much, Your Honor;—not if his wife can grab a rolling-pin or a broom-handle, he won't escape punishment. And in a majority of cases she can grab.

Humor.

BREAKING A COLT.

How a Texas Farmer Applied the Rarey Method.

Smith had a colt to break, a little roan, half mustang and half Morgan. He told his wife that there was no sense in beating a colt's ribs in to break it. He had been reading "Rarey on Training Horses" and told his wife to come out in the barnyard and see how he with kindness could master a colt. The colt was easily bridled and would lead anywhere. Some old harness was gently laid across its back; and though a trifle scared and it put on its Sunday prance, it worked 18 carats fine. Smith was delighted. He took off the harness and told his wife he was going to ride it. She gave a little scream and pleaded with him to wait till to-morrow.

"Never put off till to-morrow what ought to have been done yisterday," said Smith, trying to be funny. "Women are all right in their place, I allus said, but when a man is breakin' a mustang Morgan, silence is a reg'lar Comstock mine." At this juncture the colt stepped on his foot.

"Goldang your eternally doblasted feet! Ain't ther room in this hull barnyard fer them infernal talons of yourn, heh?" and he gave the colt a slap on the neck, and backed and pulled to get his foot out.

"Kindness, John, kindness," said his wife mildly.

"Lookahere Susan J. Smith, I want to know who is breakin' this here colt," he said in a tone of forced calmness. "I suggest that I am breakin' this—this measly mustang."

"Did it hurt, dear?"

"Oh no, no, it was perfectly delightful, never had anything to feel so good in my life," he replied with infinite sarcasm. "I suppose if this barn'd fall down on me, I'd hear ye a cooin' through the fence, 'Did it hurt, dear?' Some women are born handsome an' some ain't got any sense. I've seed lots o' handsome women in my time, but I'm not acquainted with any at present," and with this annihilating remark he turned to the colt.

He made a leap and got on the colt's back. There was a movement of legs, and Smith was sitting on air for a second and then tumbled headlong into the fence corner.

"Oh! oh!" screamed his wife.

"Oh, what?" said Smith, getting up and trying to look unconcerned while he wiped the blood off his ear.

"I thought that—that"—faltered his wife.

"Will you state to the audience your valuable thought. I'll get im framed. Never wanted anything since I was born so bad. Did ye think I didn't git off on purpose? Maybe you thought that colt *throwed* me. Do you spose I've monkeyed 'round horses long as I have to let a little calf like that throw *me?*" he roared. "Susan J. Smith what'd I marry ye fer? I tell yer to yer teeth I *got* off. Lots of consolation I can get frum a woman chatterin' away at a man like a guinea hen. No wonder the colt is scared. Poor colty, poor colty, come now," and the colt followed as meekly as a lamb. "Maybe *you* wouldn't get on the colt, Susie dear," and he looked very hard at his wife. "Would you Susie?" he drawled in killing irony.

"John, please—don't—get off so quick this time, and—and—if you *have* to get off very quick, please get off further away from the fence," said his wife in a scared way.

Smith got on, determined to stick or die. A few people may have an idea what a mustang Morgan can do, but the majority of humanity will remain in sublime ignorance till time is no more. It went every possible direction except straight ahead, and made every possible motion except a decent one. Smith stuck well, so did the colt. The wife, remembering her bread in the oven, returned, and an hour later came out on the field of conflict, and saw her husband still making w's in the air. The barnyard was all plowed up.

"Suse, Suse," he called out between bucks; "make my will. Tell Jim to bring the gun." The bucking was quite furious now. "Tell the neighbors I died game," he called out, trying to get his wife excited. "It's me or the colt, and it's nip and tuck, with the chances in favor of the colt."

Suddenly the colt walked straight ahead in a peaceable manner. Smith came riding up to the fence, his hat off, his face dirty as a fireman's, and his ear still bleeding.

"Talk of breakin' a colt with kindness, woman. If I had Rarey here I'd shoot the eternal daylights out of 'im. A colt wants to be killed, *killed*, d'ye hear?" He got off and struck it in the flank with his fist. Quick as lightning the colt wheeled and kicked him through the fence.

"Oh," screamed his wife; "are you hurt?"

"Oh, no, Susie; I'm not hurt. I'm just killed; that's all," he said in a weak voice. If you ain't tired, Mrs. Smith, you might get me a little cold water. Just a little bit; wouldn't have you strain yourself for anything." When his wife returned, he was standing by the fence, very pale and weak.

"If you will return, Mrs. S., and bring me the gun, I'll kill something. Blood has to be spilled now. I'll wipe this out with gore, the reddest kind of gore. What are ye standin' there for, starin' at me like a lunatic asylum? Maybe you'd like to be kicked through a 14-rail fence, or a barn, or suthin'?"

"Oh, John, dear, there's some horrid blood on your ear, Oh!" and she threw her apron over her head.

"On my ear? My boots is full of blood. I tell ye I'm killed, *killed*, k-i-l-l-e-d," he spelled. "Let me give you a pointer, Mrs. Smith," he said, as he hobbled to the house; "if you want to die, die hard, die all over, you just get kicked through a 14-rail fence by a mustang Morgan. If you want to be an angel, an' lie by still waters, try this eternally God-forsaken colt of mine."—*Texas Siftings.*

Why He Left.

"Uncle Pete, were you present at the recent affray?" asked the Justice of the Peace.

"I war, Jedge. Dat is to say, not 'zackly present, but kinder conspi us 'roun' de sewbewbs ob de crowd."

"How do you know there was a fight going on?"

"W'y w'en de crowd commence to run ober me, an' de pistils began to crack right libely, an' de bullits war a flyin' monsus thick 'roun' my haby corpus, I jess 'cluded dey war a gitin' agitated, so I retiahed to de saddle shop."

"Did you remain in the shop?"

"Not berry long, Jedge. Arter arrovin' dar, I dun look out de windar, an' w'en I seen free men shot, an' a bullit come in an' graze de side ob my head, I 'spected dar war gwyne to be a furse; so I kinder sauntered out de back way, an' weat' to 'tend to some bizniss in de country."—*Texas Siftings.*

Why Adam Never Laughed.

"Pap, how big was Adam when he was borned?"

"He was a man and as large as a man when made."

"Then he never didn't have any boy fun, did he?"

"No."

"And right away got married?"

"Yes."

"Good golly! No wonder he never laughed none."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

LEARNING TO SWIM.

Teaching a Boy the Art of Swimming in One Lesson.

"Can you swim?" inquired a father of his 14-year-old son and heir the other morning when the latter had spent some time in soliciting paternal permission to go in the lake with the boys.

"No, I can't swim," replied the boy; "but I won't go in where it's deeper'n up to my chin, and all the other boys are good swimmers; so, you see, I'll be in no danger."

"Never trust to others," was the father's rejoinder; "you can swim yourself if you try, and relieve others of the responsibility of looking after you."

"What! I swim! Why, father, I never swam a stroke in my life; I go to the bottom like a stone."

"Yes, you can swim. Keep away from the boys to-day, and to-night I will try to teach you to swim. We'll stay in the water just half an hour, and if you don't swim a dozen strokes without assistance before we come out you're not the boy I take you for."

Before night there was one boy in Chicago who had firmly resolved to learn to swim before he slept or die in the attempt. To-day he considers himself well on toward proficiency. This is how it was done: The father first inspired the boy with confidence in his ability to swim, if he tried earnestly, but above all, appealed to his pride and desire to prove worthy of his sire's high opinion. So before they entered the water the boy firmly believed he could swim. Following his father's instructions, when they had entered the water he first learned that by drawing his lungs full of air—not upward into the chest, but forcing them downward toward the abdomen—his centre of gravity in the water was supported so that neither his head nor his feet could sink. A few moments' practice proved that he could expel the air from his lungs and still float, thus settling the question of keeping his head above water.

"Now," said the father, when these preliminaries had been arranged, and barely 15 minutes had been consumed in doing so; "now paddle gently, like you've seen a dog when he swims, and kick out with your feet at the same time."

The boy did as he was bid, but forgot breathing, and experienced a temporary backset in his progress as a swimmer. Having coughed up the water he had involuntarily swallowed, he was more wary afterward, and rejoiced to find the next trial a complete success.—*Chicago News.*

Breakfast Table Lecture.

An old gentleman, the other morning at the breakfast table, looked up at his daughter, a tall girl with an effort of dreaminess, and remarked:

"Louise, I was at the theater last night, and just as the curtain was about to go down at the end of the first act, I saw you and a kidney-headed young fellow enter, prance along the aisle, and finally, after much annoyance to those who happened to be in the neighborhood of your seats, you and your delicate companion succeeded in ceasing to attract the attention of the whole house."

"Why how you do talk, pa."

"I only state facts. Why were you so late? Was it because the young man did not get here in time?"

"Oh, no, he came in plenty of time."

"Well, was it because you had seen the play before and found it objectionable?"

"No, sir."

"Why, then, were you so late?"

"Oh, pa, you don't understand. Common people go early, you know, but people who are supposed to know something are not in such a hurry."

"Supposed to know something," replied the father, "is very good, but like nine out of ten suppositions, is incorrect. You may think that to studiously enter a theater at a late hour—and a few weak minded people may agree with you—is a mark of good breeding, but in truth it is rudeness, if not actually vulgar. I also noticed that you had a wad of gum in your mouth, and that the young calf that accompanied you was also chewing a quid. Another mark of good breeding, I suppose. My daughter, you have a great deal to learn, and must forget your present ways before you can properly appear in society. You seem to think that a lavish mixture of bright colors and a gaudy flower constitute the rig——"

"Rig, pa?"

"Rig. I call it rig, for I can think of no better term. You think that these vulgar flashes constitute the rig in which you best appear, but you make a mistake. You are a handsome girl when you are natural, but when you are not, you remind me of a cheap chromo. When you are at home you dress neatly, and, I think, are very attractive. Don't you think this is rather pretty?" holding up a lily.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, we'll see how this improves it," and he tied a strip of red flannel around the stem. "Think it helps the lily's appearance?"

"Oh, pa!"

"Of course not, but it reminds me of an over-dressed woman."

"But, speaking about the theater, I heard ma say that she and you went to the theater often and arrived late."

"That can be explained."

"How?"

"Your mother and I were fools, child, and now recognizing it. I wish to warn you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Who "The Old Snoozer" Was.

Traveling men, as a rule, are not apt to make "bad breaks," but sometimes they do. The other day on a train coming into this City one of these gentlemen wanted to sell out for a torn two cent stamp, but found no purchasers. On the train was a particularly lovely young lady, seated by herself, while in the seat in front was a perfect specimen of a well to do planter. The moist weather had probably affected the old fellow's corns, as he had taken off both boots and planted his feet on the seat in front. The relief he had experienced had caused him to drop into a sweet and serene slumber, and—well, it was just about this time the drummer sat down in the seat by the young lady and commenced to make things pleasant after the peculiar style of

organizing a court for the trail of the prisoner. The charge was made known to him through an interpreter. He was to be tried for trespassing on Indian territory. Pat was placed in the center, and the court was seated in a circle around him. The proceedings were conducted in the most grave manner, not one word of which the prisoner understood. The verdict was soon reached, in one form, which was "guilty," and the prisoner was forthwith sentenced to be burned at the stake at the expiration of one hour. When the verdict and sentence were made known to him, he turned deathly pale and the cold sweat dripped from every pore in his body. It availed him nothing that he pleaded for his life, with the most piteous lamentations and solemn protestations of his innocence and honesty of intentions, sustained by the most earnest pledges that he would get out of the country as fast as he could if they would only let him go. He was only told that his doom was sealed, and that he must die.

When the hour had expired he was led out and bound to the stake, and the dry wood piled about him. The savages then proceeded to form themselves in a circle around the pile, and for a full hour whirled through the gymnastic war dance in the most boisterous and frantic manner, during all of which time the condemned Irishman was writhing and moaning most piteously, while the tormentors were almost exploding with suppressed laughter. Some of the victim's lamentations were expressed, as near as the narrator could recall them, as below:

"Oh, Holy Virgin! Oh, blissed St. Patrick! Is it mesef that's come all the way from swate Ireland to be burned entirely by the hathen—had luck to them? Oh, Misther Ingin! won't ye please let me go, an I'll be sane no more in your country. Indade I won't, Misther Ingin!"

At length the dance was ended, and poor Patsick was half dead with horror. A fire had been kindled near by in readiness to apply the torch. The savages then withdrew to one side, and pretended to be holding a council, while a brawny Indian was bringing forward a burning brand to light the pile. He was motioned to withhold, by the chief, while the pantomime was continued a little longer. Presently they broke up and come and stood before the prisoner with solemn faces, while the interpreter addressed him thus.

"We have concluded not to burn you, on the following conditions: You must promise to run with all your strength from this spot until you are out of sight in the grove, which is about two miles away, and that you will not turn your head to look back till you are beyond sight in the wood. If you turn it ever so little, you are lost, after which nothing can save you; and you must promise that you will never set your foot on Indian ground again, as long as you live. If you obey, strictly, your cart, with all it contains, will be sent after you."

He promised all, when the cords were immediately cut, and he leaped forward with spasmodic energy, while the air was rent with savage yells, which were kept up until his form entirely disappeared in the distant grove, and the fun was ended.

FOUR MONTHS AN EDITOR.

None but those who have passed through the editorial responsibilities of a political partisan County newspaper will be able to appreciate in an intelligent sense my experiences of "Four months an Editor." I will relate them graphically and literally. They may amuse, but hardly instruct. I now think I was out of my sphere. At any rate, be that as it may have been, I am quite sure I shall never envy any man a similar position.

It was just immediately previous to the opening of the great Southern Rebellion. The Republican party of our country was divided. There was the Conservative wing, and the Radical, Abolition, or Free Soil wing, or by whatever name it might have been called. I use the word "wing" in common parlance. Each wing had its press; and each was striving for recognition as the Republican County organ. There was a Presidential election ensuing. The two wings could not come together. Neither would sell out to the other, something was necessary to be done. I was consulted. Both would sell to me. I purchased both establishments, and prepared to publish one weekly paper, that was to be strictly Republican. I am not now a political editor, thank God, and have no right to the personal pronoun, plural. I abhor it.

My first issue was on the first Thursday of April, 1860. I kept a notice in both papers for four weeks previously, to the effect, that subscribers to either who did not wish to take the new paper, would confer a favor if they would send in their desire in the matter, so that I could make up my list. Not one notice came; and I felt flattered. But what was my chagrin, on publishing day, at finding that half a dozen city subscribers refused my paper when the carrier went round, but no reason assigned. During the few succeeding days 50 numbers were returned from the County postoffices, marked "Refused," but no reasons given. Upon reference to the books, I found, that without a single exception every one of them was in debt to the establishment; but not one had sent any money, or made any allusion to their accounts, I notified them to come and settle. Half a dozen came, most of them finding fault with their accounts. Some said they were no d—d abolitionists; others vehemently opposed the heresy of squatter sovereignty. Many wanted know what ground the paper was going to take; whether conservative, or radical or free soil. One rough old farmer came in and wanted to pay his arrears and stop. He was no d—d hog, he said, nor "nuther" was his family. I will tell what was the matter with the old man.

In my first issue I had copied a well-written article from a New York paper, headed, "Farmers—How They Live," giving due credit. In the main the article was highly complimentary to farmers, and I congratulated myself that I had been fortunate in coming across something that would exactly suit and please the rural people. But there occurred in the communication this passage: "Some farmers eat for dinner, pork and beans, and beans and pork, until the wonder is they have not all turned into pork." And that was what was the matter. An old attache of the office, and who had known the farmer a long time, helped me out of the difficulty, and after the patron had concluded to keep on with the paper, and had left the office after paying a year in advance, the old printer said the bristles only were lacking.

On the first day of my publication, I was sitting in my sanctum brooding over my new troubles, which I knew I did not deserve, when an old citizen came in, angrily, "I want my manuscript." I was scared. He was an old and respected citizen, and had been a warm personal friend of mine. I told him it would appear in the next issue, "No it won't," he retorted; "you have snubbed me, and that's enough. I have taken the paper 25 years, and was several years its editor, and you, an up start at the business, are the first man ever to refuse my manuscript." He was wholly inexorable. I handed him the paper, that I had intended to talk with him a little about. The truth was, that the old man had written some things very abusive of good citizens, and unworthy of himself, and which I intended to ask him to modify.

I found in the advertising columns of both papers quite a large number of foreign advertisements of patent medicines, running on credit. Many of them were dead matter, kept in to fill up space. Their time had expired; but the were not paid for. When I got my columns trimmed down to what seemed to be a healthy condition, I had but few foreign advertisements left. But I was not left without proffered patronage, for the mails brought me almost daily, from distant cities, voluminous advertisements of all kinds of strange things, with the request to publish for a specified time, and charge somebody I had never heard of before; and in almost every instance the price was fixed for me before hand, at from one half to one-fourth of my advertised rates. Some of them were accompanied with monthly editorials, all written out to my hand—[illegible] me my extravagant pre—

nothing in the world about. And these editorial notices were to be leaded and put in the editorial columns, free; and in addition the paper was to be sent to the advertiser for the time named, gratis.

One of these, that I now recall, was a lengthy advertisement of some establishment in New York, and the price fixed by the agent was a little more than one-third of my time, and subject to five per cent. discount, to pay the agent. The net balance was payable in coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, soap, candles, spices, etc, etc, at the business house of the firm on ——— street, New York, 750 miles from my home. In two or three instances bank acceptances accompanied the matter to be printed, and payable at 80 days sight, which covered the time the use of my columns was wanted. In every instance the pretended acceptance was a fraud.

A subscriber sent for publication a poem from the brain and a pen of his sister. The following is a literal transcript of the first stanza, which was the best of the six:

"See how black clouds cover the sky,
Which tells us all that we must die;
And when we die our souls must fly
To Heaven or hell eternally."

The brother came afterwards to abuse me. He said other editors had published his sister's poems, and they were as sensible as I was, and, he thought, a good deal more so. My paper was a milk and water thing, at any rate; and he believed he would have nothing more to do with either it or me.

An old farmer, who owned two good farms and had a few thousands in bank, came and said he wanted to renew his subscription if I would take chicken in the Fall. I told him to send on his chickens. Another would take the paper if I would agree to take sorghum molasses next year. I agreed to take the molasses.

A communication was received, signed "Justice." The animus of the contribution was, that the Republican party must work to break down the Catholics and foreigners, as well as to defeat the Democratic party. When the article did not appear, the fellow betrayed himself by coming to quarrel with me. The result of our conference was the conclusion on his part, and which he had the independence to express with some warmth, that he did not consider me much of an editor; and then he went and attached himself to the Democratic party.

A subscriber at Sandusky wrote to say that he heard I was an abolitionist. Another, from Illinois, wrote that he was told I opposed the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law. If the story were true, he wanted his name stricken from the list. Still another had learned that I was in favor of squatter sovereignty, and opposed to interfering with slavery in the South. Such doctrines did not suit him.

The Chairman of the Republican Central Committee resigned and went into the Democratic party, because the conservatives succeeded in getting a majoity of the delegates to the State Convention. My name had been presented to the meeting by a radical. Another man was chosen over me. I got another man's ill-will because I did not take his brother into the office as foreman. He said he would start another paper and break me down. He changed his mind, but did not refrain from persecuting me. I had already a good foreman.

A fellow at noon one day set off a sky-rocket. I heard the report, and not thinking of a rocket in day time, noticed it for an ovolite, and got laughed at.

My office was beseiged to know why I did not publish the progress of the Heenan—Savers mill. When the bruise was over I gave it all at one dose. This brought upon me another class, who wanted to know why I placed such monstrous immorality before a Christian community, and threatening me at the same time with a withdrawal of patronage if any more such notices appeared. For refusing to publish some indecent horse advertisements, two or three patrons took their job work to another office. But I published a notice of some "female pills," and offended two or three families, who sent to pay off and quit. I cut off a subscriber who was more than ten years in arrears. He said no man who ever published the paper before had treated him so; and he believed it was a good time for him to quit. One man ordered the paper stopped because he had learned from a reliable source that I was a spiritualist. Quite a number thought the paper was not worth paying for, because it did not have as much in it as the Cincinnati *Commercial* or *Gazette*; and the news, what there was of it, was always old when they got it.

I received a free ticket for a ride to Washington, Mount Vernon, and Baltimore and back, with the editors' excursion. At Harper's Ferry I was presented with one of John Brown's pikes. It had a six foot handle, and a steel blade of 13 inches. I kept it in the cars with me all the rounds until I got home. I had to do a great deal of talking about it, besides frightening several persons very much. A lady in the next seat wanted to know the use of the cross-piece where the blade went into the handle. A gentleman told her it was to prevent the blade from going too far. She thought 13 inches was enough. But the pike was not without advantage to me, for wherever I went on foot I had ample space awarded to me.

At the Relay House, in superintending my baggage, I did not observe which car my wife entered, and when I went to get aboard, the brakeman stopped me, and I had to call for the conductor; but even he was shy of my pike, and I was obliged to show my excursion ticket before I was permitted to enter. The train was soon under full speed, when, in attemping to pass from one car to another, my $6 plug was blown down into the valley, 60 feet deep. In the cars I was let severely alone.

Arriving at the Avenue House at the capital, unshaved, hatless and covered with dust and a John Brown pike in my hand, I was refused the privilege of registering. In vain I pleaded that I belonged to the editorial excursion and that it was my wife that had just been shown into the parlor. Meanwhile several attaches had arranged themselves about me, as I began to conjecture, for the purpose of ejecting or arresting me. I became alarmed and had my wife called out. But the clerk said that dodge would not work. Just then a lucky thought struck me. I asked if Comptroller Medill, or Member Martin, did not board in the house. They both did—did I know them? I asked that they might be sent for, and we would see. We were guarded, my wife standing by my side, till they came. From that time on I was received and overwhelmed with polite attentions. The two gentlemen were both from my city.

I have not told half my griefs. But thank heaven I am no more an editor. If any desire to put on the honor, I advise them to purchase a County newspaper that does business on credit, and run it four months, or until they check out their balance in bank, and then try to make collections.

MATRIMONIAL MERRIMENT.

Marriage is certainly a very short song, but it generally has a most everlasting long chorus.

A machine that will darn stockings has been invented. The inventor says that no married man should be without one.

This is the season when the men have their hair cut so short that their wives can use the top of hubby's head for nutmeg graters.

Wives are presumptous creatures. They always ask for a lock of their lover's hair before marriage, and take it without asking afterwards.

A Chicago woman is suing for a divorce from two husbands at the same time. She finds it impossible to boss around any more than four with any degree of success.

How quickly a mother discovers that her recently married son is being henpecked! She forgets that she has been talking to the boy's father ever since her own marriage.

A Kentucky woman has been supplied with an iron jaw, and her husband is unhappy. He says she will have that jaw worn out in about three weeks, and he can't afford to buy her a new one 16 times a year.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

COURT AND CAMP;

OR

The Days of "Good Queen Anne."

BY ERNEST WARREN.

Author of "Throne and Scaffold," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STORY TOLD.

Ned Charteris stood as one dumb-founded, and made no attempt to pursue the flying figure, though he followed it with straining eyes as long as it remained visible.

"Olivia Brookwood—Olivia Brookwood," he murmured as one talking in a dream. Then suddenly and angrily he turned upon Beatrice Lamb. "This is a trick," he cried, "a deception concocted between you, inspired, doubtless, by the man who, not content with robbing me of my fortune and of my patrimony, would further steal from me my good name and self-respect by forcing me into a marriage with his child."

"How like a man!" cried Beatrice with flashing eyes. "Cruel, unjust, ungenerous. I told you but a few short minutes ince your fortune rested in your own hands to mar or to make. You have made your election and no word of mine shall cross these lips to bid you reconsider your determination. Think you Mistress Olivia would have me plead for her? No, no; a thousand times no. Think you that even did her throbbing heart urge her to the degradation of becoming a suppliant for your love that I would lower myself to be her agent. No again, and no ten thousand times."

"She is beautiful—most beautiful," sighed Ned.

"Aye. She is beautiful, but the loveliness of her face is as nothing when compared with the honesty of her heart, the purity of her mind. Listen and let me tell you all this fair, loving confiding girl has sacrificed for your sake. Listen and learn from me that her love for you has lost her home and father, that her desire to serve you has thrown her as an outcast on the world, that her determination to fulfill the pledge she gave you led her into troubles and dangers which might well have appalled a man's stouter heart. Hear that which I have to tell, and shrink abashed at your own ingratitude, at your own prejudice which has lost you forever the priceless jewel of a good and virtuous woman s love."

"Say on," murmured Charteris, as seating himself once more upon the fallen been tree he hid his face in his hands.

Then Beatrice Lamb told him the whole story as already known to the reader. Told him how, in the pursuance of the pledge she had made, she had traveled into Essex disguised as a boy, how through a series of accidents she had arrived too late to render him the important service for which she had risked so much, and as she continued her narration Ned hung his head, silent and ashamed.

Continuing, she told him of her arrival at the Manor House only to find it tenanted by a party of strange men. Then of her father's arrival, of her discovery and the terrible scene which ensued, of the name by which she was addressed,—that name of disgrace and scorn which no true woman can bear, and then Charteris started to his feet in indignation and paced with rapid strides the ground beneath the beech trees.

Still, with even monotony of voice, sparing him nothing, but driving each detail home with relentless force, Beatrice continued to tell him how Olivia had been cast off, disowned and disinherited by the furious Brookwood, and how, ever since, she had remained an inmate of the old Manor House at Hatfield Peveril, pointed at by the country round as Ned Charteris' extravagant mistress, the woman who had brought ruin upon him and lived in luxury upon her shame while he, driven from his home, was a penniless wanderer in a strange land fighting his country's battles.

"Is this true?" asked Charteris in a low voice as Beatrice Lamb came to the conclusion of her narrative.

"True as the sun in the Heaven above us," she answered fervently. "All this hath she endured, aye, and much more which it needs not I should relate, for the affection she cherished for a man who has proved unworthy of such devotion. All this, and more, she hath borne patiently and uncomplainingly for the sake of that love which gave her strength and courage to suffer in silence, "All will come right in God's good time," she said. "The man for whom I have suffered will return, and joy will enter into the house of mourning! In this belief I live!"

Ned Charteris held out his hand to Beatrice.

"Guide me to her," he sighed. "Take me where she is, that kneeling at her feet, I may thank the good Lord who hath given me his greatest treasure, a pure woman's true love; who hath blessed me far beyond my deserts."

Beatrice rose from the beech trunk and signed to him to accompany her, and side by side they quitted the shade of the grove, and passed out into the sunshine.

The sun shone clear in a cloudless sky, and the larks carolled overhead in sweet melody. The gables and turrets of the old manor house glistened in the glorious light of day, and the grass beneath their feet was fragrant with the odors of a thousand flowers, and even as they trod the path the bells in the old tower of Hatfield Peveril sent forth their jubilant chimes as if in honor of the Prodigal's return, as if to welcome the young Squire to his own.

Abutting his old home was a small quadrangle surrounded by the walls of the house on one side of the outbuildings on the other. It was a cool spot to which the rays of the sun rarely penetrated. A paved yard, the stones of which were worn and mossy, with grass and even tiny flowers blossoming in the interstices.

In the center of this quadrangle was a well, long disused, though the worm-eaten woodwork still remained intact, stained with varied hues with overgrowing lichen and fungi.

It was a melancholy, though picturesque spot, one well adapted to sad meditation and to serious thought.

Here it was they found Olivia.

The entrance was beneath a narrow, pointed archway festooned with small-leaved ivy and varigated creepers.

Beatrice by a sign bade Charteris pass through and there within the cool, damp quadrangle, gloomy even at midday, Ned found her whom he sought.

Her back was towards the archway as she leaned in an attitude of negligent unconscious grace against the frame-work of the old well, and she knew not the was no longer alone till a hand was gently laid upon her shoulder, and a low soft voice whispered in her ear;

"Olivia; forgive me!"

She turned to him as he spoke, and her eyes were heavy with silent sorrow, but no sound came from her trembling lips.

Then with quick and rapid utterance Ned Charteris uplifted the floodgates of her heart, and told again the old, old story.

With impassioned words he described hew the image of his Incognita had been ever present before him in all the troubles and adventures of his campaign in Flanders, with eager pleading he craved forgiveness for his ill-judged speech, and with love beaming from his handsome eyes, bent full upon her, he asked her if she could pardon him for aught that he had done amiss, and accept from him the devotion of a lover, the care of a husband, and the companionship of a friend.

She made him no answer in words, but, taking his hand in hers, she led him forth from the quadrangle underneath the quaint pointed archway and round by the old grey stone walls of the Manor House to the chief entrance, thence across the hall and up the broad stone stairs with their massively carved balustrades, and into the great room with its beams and panels, its tapestry and stained glass, its coat of arms and its stag's antlers, that room which had witnessed the most terrible scene of her young life, that room in which she had been degraded, insulted and disowned by Saul Brookwood.

"It was here," said she to Charteris, "here on this spot where I now stand that I endured more than I could have believed woman could suffer and live. It was here before a crowd of strange men that I, in the garb of a boy, blushing, ashamed and abashed, was humiliated to the very dust by my own father. Then, Edward, when driven to plead in my own defense, I had but one answer to make. It was that I loved you dearly. The words then spoken I have never regretted."

"Nor shall you ever, darling," cried Charteais, and would have caught her in his arms, but she gently repulsed him.

"It was here," she continued, "that my father swore that he would never believe me other than the base thing he called me till you, you, of your own free will, should lead me to his side—your wife."

"And that will I, dearest Olivia, with all the joy beneath the sun. I, like many another, have been perchance too ready to shift the burthen of my own sins upon another's shoulders, but you shall teach me better, sweet Olivia. To you I look for counsel and advice; to you I look for comfort and affection."

"Nor shall you look in vain. With heaven's help, I will be a true wife to you Edward, seeking strength in your strength and happiness alone in your love."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

In his old home at Lambeth with the river Thames washing its base, Saul Brookwood lay alone, deserted by all, on a miserable pallet stretched upon the floor sick nigh unto death.

Cold, hard, stern and repellant by nature, all these qualities had increased tenfold since in a paroxysm of rage he had banished Olivia from his presence, disowning her forever

He was a miserable man, without a friend and full of care. He was sorely ill, and all his hoarded wealth could not purchase health and strength. He was solitary and wretched, but his stern pride forbade him to summon the child he loved to his presence.

The sun gleamed in at the open windows and the stream lapped with cool, refreshing murmurs against the piles in the river without, the breeze emitted the leaves upon the elms and the birds chirruped and caroled on the branches while Saul Brookwood lay stretched upon his mattress racked with fever pains and scascely able to move hand or foot without assistance.

As groaning with pain and longing beyond measure for a draught of cool water which he was powerless to reach, the door slowly turned upon its hinges and as he raised his aching eyes towards it he saw standing on the threshold the girl whom he had so sternly bidden never to seek his presence.

"Olivia, Olivia!" he cried in tone of yearning affection, but as she would have approached him his voice changed, and by an effort of his enfeebled limbs he motioned her from him.

"Away—get hence," he cried. "Suffer me to die in peace, nor let our reproachful face lend a new agony to death."

"Father!" she exclaimed, and the tone in which she spoke was sweet and sad and low. "Father, the conditions you imposed upon me are fulfilled. I am here at your side the wedded wife of Edward Charteris."

Then Ned, who had remained till that moment in the passage without, entered the house and the two, bride and bridegroom, hand clasped in hand, crossed the chamber and knelt by the sick man's bed.

"Impossible, impossible!" faltered Brookwood, as he looked with glazed wondering eyes from one to the other.

"It is true," said Olivia, meekly bowing her head. "Your blessing, father—your blessing."

"May heaven bless and prosper you both," commenced the old money lender solemnly. Then breaking off suddenly he cried wildly incoherently, "But what right have I—who am I to bless or curse? Ah, child, child, you do not know I have deceived you from the cradle even until to-day. Heaven knows I did it for the best, though I may have wronged you, Olivia. Charteris, listen to me. I am not mad, though you may deem me so. Olivia, though I have loved you as a father, though I have cared for you as a parent, you are no daughter of mine—no child of mine—no—no child of mine!"

"Oh, father! Surely you know not what you are saying!"

"I know full well. Listen, and let me state that which I have to say while breath yet remains to me. Your mother, Olivia, was a country lass, plump, and white of skin, rosy cheeks, and lips like coral. Oh, I loved her dearly, dearly! We were to have wed in the Autumn, Olivia, but in the Summer came one in fine clothes, a grand gentleman, with gold lace upon his coat, a jewelled sword upon his thigh, and stole away her love—robbed me of her heart, robbed me of my joy!"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Olivia, eagly. "Go on!"

"'Twas the old story. She left the village with him, and a year passed by. None knew whither she had gone, whether she was alive or dead, but at the twelve months' end she sought me out She came to me, Olivia, bearing *you* in her arms. Came in sorrow, in poverty, and in want. Came to *me*, her slighted lover—to die!"

"Why have you never told me this before?"

"Why? Because I was jealous of your love as I had been of hers, because I dreaded other hands would snatch you from me because the heart which had been hers I dedicated anew to you, because you were to me what had Heaven willed it so she would have been. My light, my life, my all!"

"And this man, this seducer, did you never learn his name?" asked Charteris.

"Yes. I know his name but too well. I know him for a heartless villain. But ere your mother died, Olivia, she swore to me upon the Bible that she was this man's lawful wife, and I never rested till I had full and ample proof that such was indeed the fact. All the necessary evidence to prove the fact you will find in the coffer in the stone cellar below."

"And my father—who was he? Tell me."

"Bertrand Cassilis, Lord Carisbrooke," answered Saul Brookwood, as he fell back upon his pallet groaning with the effort he had made.

Charteris uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You know him?" queried the usurer.

"Too well. Three times did he attempt my life, and this maimed arm I owe to him. But he is beyond the judgment of man. Let us speak gently of his faults."

"Dead?"

"Aye. Dead!"

And then Ned Charteris told the story of his terrible death at the battle of Ramilies.

"And this man was thy father, Olivia! I would not have thee remember him as such. Yet *I* am not thy father, child. No, no. I am *not* thy father."

"Yes. Always a father to me!" said Olivia, as she raised his hot, thin hand and pressed it to her lips.

* * * * *

Several years later, in a handsomely furnished chamber in Windsor Castle, sat Captain Masham and his wife, the latter in consequence of the deposition of the Duchess of Marlborough from all the offices about the Queen's person, now prime favorite, advisor and confident of Her Majesty of England. Husband and wife had been talking together and by the expression of their faces the subject of their conversation had been a pleasant one, when the door of the chamber was throwh open by the page without and Ned Charteris, his beautiful wife leaning on his arm, entered hastily.

"What news, what news?" cried Ned eagerly. "How fares our petition?"

Then Mrs. Masham rose with a bright smile and extending her two hands to Olivia led her to a bench.

"My dear child," quoted she. "Her Majesty is not only interested beyond mention in your romantic story but has determined that justice shall be done. The vast estates and fabulous wealth grasped by the vain over-reaching Duchess of Marlborough on the death of the Earl of Carisbrooke, presumably without lineal legitimate descendants, is to be immediately restored; the Queen has signed a Royal warrant to that effect and as soon as the necessary legal formalities have been complied with you will become the rightful proprietor of a fortune almost beyond calculation."

"Yes," interposed Masham, "and a little bird has whispered to me that if a certain Ned Charteris, we all wot of, hath any ambition to sit in the House of Hereditary Legislators, Her most Gracious Majesty, by virtue of Her Royal prerogative, may extend the title through the female branch and make Ned here the successor to the Peerage as well as the fortune of the Earl of Carisbrooke."

"I would sooner surrender the fortune than bear so debased a title," answered Charteris, warmly.

THE END.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

"Gen." Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, proposes to visit this country next Fall.

The boy with a metal peg in his shoe frequently knows what it is to have the iron enter the sole.

A man who will be truthful about other matters will lie maliciously about a woman's character and reputation.

Suicide is called *felo de se*, but the defaulting cashier who shuffles off to the Canada side is the fellow you don't see.

Most married women think bachelors ought to be taxed. Most bachelors who go into society at all are taxed pretty heavily.

"The oldest inhabitant is usually a man," says an exchange. But it needn't be so if women would only stand up to their ages.

The Prince of Orange's illness was chiefly induced by the vitiated atmosphere in which he lived. Sixty parrots were kept in his bedroom.

Sen. Logan is the first Vice President nominated by the Republican party in 20 years who was married at the time of his nomination.

George W. Cable, the author, was a bookkeeper in a cotton house in New Orleans until last Winter, when he concluded to become a public reader, as well as author, and resigned his mercantile position.

Messrs. Beck, Edmunds and Ingalls are said to be the only present members of the United State Senate who take snuff, and they do not do so regularly.

The largest fee ever allowed a lawyer in this country was paid to Col. James W. Davis, counsel in a celebrated land case at Charleston, West Virginia, last week. The sum promises to exceed $100,000

Lizzie Riley was arrested in Philadelphia and a gold watch was found in her stocking. We have heard of stockings with clocks, but never of stockings with watches.

A gentle wife, who knows how to put things in their proper place, calls her husband "Fire," because he goes out every night.

A St. Louis paper describes a remarkable Indian idol recently found in the West. An Indian who wasn't idle would be more remarkable.

A Chicago man has discovered a wonderful force that it going to supplant the steam engine. He has probably been experimenting with his breath.

"Flannel kids," according to a fashion weekly, "are coming in style again." The news is very pleasant, as several in our neighborhood need it badly.

"In India a witness can be hired for a dollar that will swear to any lie," says a Boston paper. A dollar that will swear to a lie must be a trade dollar.

A Chicago girl left her slipper at a newspaper office in that City by mistake and the nasty, mean reporters mounted it on wheels and took a ride out into the suburbs.

A young man is far on the road to evil when he loses faith in women. During the formative period of character she is, of all earthly influences, the most potent in making or marrying him.

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most pathetic is that given by a young lady, who says:—"A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

In 1883, 525,479 pounds of coffee were imported into the United States, or about 10½ pounds for every inhabitant. We have probably had our 10½ pounds, but just think what a thundering sight of water we have drank to get it.

Nothing will surprise a married man more than for him to go home and surprise his wife in limping around the house with her little toe bandaged, and to have her say in a half-reproving way, that she don't see why he need keep such an awful sharp edge on his razor.

A Pittsburg girl, who was married this Spring, had the reputation of being a terrible flirt. The evening she was swapped off to "one of our most promising young business men" the clergyman, per ceremonial form, inquired, "Who gives this woman away?" She said after the wedding that she could just kill that nasty fellow who sat behind her and remarked, "I could, out I won't."

A saloon keeper's wife took their six-year old boy to church on Communion day. The boy kept his eyes and ears open. He noticed a man who sat near him, and who was a customer at his father's bar, partake of the wine. When the plate was passed around for contributions, this same man placed a ten-cent piece on the plate, when the boy exclaimed to his mother: "Why, he pays just the same for a drink here as he does in pa's saloon."

They were standing at the front gate. "Won't you come into the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie dear?" "N-o, I think not," replied George, hesitatingly. "I wish you would," the girl went on; "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out, and father is up stairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs." "B-oth legs?" asked George. "Yes, both legs." "Then I'll come in."

True Modesty. Mr. Spinks—"I had such a beautiful dream last night, Miss Briggs! I thought I was in the Garden of Eden—" Miss Briggs (with simplicity)—"And did Eve appear as she is generally represented, Mr. Spinks?" Mr. Spinks—"I—I—I—I didn't look!"

First citizen—"I see they have raised a lemon in California that weighs five pounds. Pretty big lemon, isn't it?" Second citizen—"Is that large for a lemon?" "Large for a lemon? Why, of course it is. Didn't you ever see a lemon?" "I can't say that I ever did." "Well, that's funny. What business are you in?" "I am the manager of a circus lemonade stand."

Fall's Catarrh Cure, 75 cents.

SOMEBODY'S SISTERS.

This is the time of year when the pretty picnic girl with the trim ankle and neat boots calls out "Snake!"

Never mind what the paragraphers say; stick to your pianos, girls. A Chicago woman fell dead over the wash-tub, on Tuesday.

Vassar College girls eat 2,700 pancakes at one meal. But if 2,700 Vassar College girls should try to make a pancake they would fail.

"My Daughter Paints" is the title of a new novel. And she probably powders, but it is a mighty mean man who would thus give the girl away.

Girls, learn to swim. It accustoms you to kick out, and after marriage it is sometimes necessary to use more than the hands in fighting.

A Virginia girl asks, "Why do girls marry?" Probably it is because they are afraid they won't get a chance if they wait until they become women.

Some people have much quicker perceptions than others, but most any ordinary person can tell what evening a girl expects her beau by the way she fixes her hair.

There is a young girl in this City who has such a beautiful pearly teeth that her mother took them out, strung them, and wore them as a necklace at an evening party.

A Chicago girl left her slipper at a newspaper office in that City by mistake, and the nasty, mean reporters mounted it on wheels and took a ride out into the suburbs.

A number of the Vassar girls have been made bachelors of art. None of the other girls, however, want to waltz with them. They say their cheeks and chins are too smooth.

A Louisville young man has been fined $2 for kissing a girl. If she was a Louisville girl he could have escaped the fine on a plea of insanity. *Philadelphia Call.* You mean, of course, that Louisville girls are so sweet that they drive a young man to insanity, do you? O, now!

Throw Away Trusses

when our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture without the use of the knife. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

CHRONOLOGY.

1861.

June 26, Patterson Creek, Va (also called Kelly's Island)—11th Indiana.

June 27, Mathias Point, Va—Crews of U S gunboats Pawnee and Freeborn.

July 2, Falling Waters (also called Haynesville and Martinsburg, Md—1st Wisconsin and 11th Pennsylvania, the advance of Gen Geo H Thomas's command.

1862.

June 26, 27, 28 and 29, Vicksburg, Miss—U S fleet under Commodore D G Farragut.

June 26 to July 1, Seven Days' Retreat of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, under Gen McClellan, comprising the following battles:

June 26, Mechanicsville (or Ellison's Mills), Va—5th Army Corps and McCall's Division of the 1st Corps.

June 27 and 28, Gaines' Mill (or Cold Harbor or Chickahominy), Va—5th Corps, Army of the Potomac, reinforced by Meagher's and French's Brigades, 1st Division, 2d Corps.

June 29, Peach Orchard (or Allen's Farm), Va—Richardson's and Sedgwick's divisions of the 2d corps, Army of the Potomac.

June 29, Savage's Station, Va—2d and 6th corps, under Gen's Sumner and Franklin.

June 30, White Oak Swamp, Va—3d, Sumner's; 2d Heintzleman's; 4th, Keyes's; 5th, Porter's; 6th, Franklin's; and McClellan's Division of the 1st corps, Army of the Potomac.

July 1, Malvern Hill, Va—2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th corps, Army of the Potomac.

June 27, Williams Bridge, Amite River, La—21st Indiana.

June 27, Swift Creek Bridge, N C.

June 27, Village Creek, (or Stewart's Plantation) Ark—4th Illinois Cavalry.

June 27, Waddell's Farm, Ark—Detachment of 3d Iowa Cavalry, guarding wagon train.

June 28, Golding's Farm, Va—3d and 49th New York, and 3d New York Battery.

June 29, Willis Church, Va—Cavalry advance Casey's Division, 4th Corps.

June 30, Lacray, Va—Cavalry detachment of Brig-Gen Crawford's command.

July 1, Booneville, Miss—2d Iowa and 2d Michigan Cavalry.

July 1, Morning Sun, Tenn—57th Ohio.

July 1, Russellville, Tenn—1st Ohio Battery.

July 2, Milford, Va—1st Maine Cavalry.

1863.

June 27, Fairfax, Va—11th New York Cavalry.

June 27, Beaver City, Floyd Co., Ky—35th Kentucky.

June 27, Guy's Gap and Shelbyville, Tenn—Cavalry Division, Army of the Cumberland, supported by Maj-Gen Granger's infantry division.

June 28, Donaldsonville, La—28th Maine and convalescents, aided by gunboats.

June 28, Fort Hill, Vicksburg, Miss—Part of the siege.

June 29, McConnellsburg, Pa—1st New York Cavalry.

June 29, Westminster, Md—Detachment of 1st Delaware Cavalry.

June 29, Lake Providence, La—Not stated what troops were engaged.

June 30, Sporing Hill, near Harrisburg, Pa—23d and 37th New York Militia and Landers' Battery.

June 30, Hanover, Pa—3d Division Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac.

June 30, Bayou Tensas, La—Mississippi Brigade of infantry and Cavalry, under Col C R Ellet.

July 1, Tullahoma, Tenn, occupied by Rosecrans' army.

July 1 to 3, Gettysburg, Pa—1st Corps, Maj Gen Reynolds; 2d, Maj Gen Hancock; 3d, Maj Gen Sickles; 5th, Maj Gen Sykes; 6th, Maj Gen Sedgwick. 11th, Maj Gen Howard; 12th, Maj Gen Slocum; Cavalry Corps, Maj Gen Pleasonton; Army of the Potomac, commanded by Maj Gen Meade; including cavalry skirmish at Hunterstown.

July 1 and 2, Black River, at Messenger's and Bridgeport Ferries, Miss—Portion of the 17th Corps.

July 1 and 2, Cabin Creek, Indian Territory—3d Wisconsin, 6th and 9th Kansas, and 2d Colorado Cavalry, 1st Kansas (79th U S Colored troops) and 3d Kansas (Indian Home Guards).

July 1 to 26, Morgan's Raid into Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

July 2, Baltimore Cross Roads, Va—Maj Gen Keyes and part of the 4th Corps.

July 2, Elk River, Tenn—Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland.

July 2, Bottom's Bridge, Va—5th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

July 2, Beverly, Na—10th West Virginia, and Battery G, West Virginia Artillery.

July 2, Marrowbone or Burkesville) Ky—1st and 9th Kentucky Cavalry and 24th Indiana Battery. (Morgan's Raid).

July 2, Springfield Landing, La—2d Rhode Island Cavalry.

July 3, Fairfield, Pa—6th U S Cavalry.

July 3, Columbia, Ky—1st Kentucky and 3d Ohio Cavalry, and 45th Ohio Mounted Vols (Morgan's raid).

1864.

June 27, general assault at Kenesaw Mountain, Army of the Military Division of the Mississippi.

June 27, Charleston, W Va—1st Division, Army of West Virginia.

June 28, Stoney Creek, Va—Cavalry, with Wilson's raid on the Weldon R R.

Jude 29, Ream's Station, Va—Cavalry, with Wilson's raid.

June —, Lafayette, Ga—4th and 6th Kentucky Cavalry.

July 1 to 31, in front of Petersburg, Va—2d, 5th and 9th Corps, Army of the Potomac, and 10th and 18th Corps, Army of the James.

July 2, Pine Bluff, Ark—64th U S Colored Troops.

July 2, Saulsbury, Miss—3d Iowa Cavalry.

July 2, Fort Johnson, James Island, D C—Troops of the Department of the South.

July 2 to 5, Nickajack Creek—Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee.

Brief Mention.

The number of leiters received by the editor of the CAMP FIRE is so great that it is impossible to publish all, or nearly all. Nevertheless we are glad to have expressions of opinion, and personal reminiscences from all comrades who feel like writing. Below we give brief extracts from a number of letters:

I have not noticed any mention of the 98th Ohio in the CAMP FIRE, so as an old member of Company G, honorably discharged, and a member of the G A R, I salute all old friends, and say, hurrah for Blaine and Logan.—H. T. GOLDSMITH, Barnesville, O.

Why do not "Old Pensioner of Twenty Battles" and "Another Old Soldier" give their names, with company and regiment? I fear their military records are somewhat shaky, or they would not be so reticent. I hope the latter will not shut down on the boys in this matter until this lovely pair have learned a lesson in manners.—P. W. KENYON, Corinth, Kas., Sergt. Co. E, 118th New York.

Yes, Grant was at Shiloh that Sunday morning. We were in camp at Crump's Landing that morning, and he passed us on a steamer bound for the battle. His voice rang clearly out,

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

W. D., Andersonville, Pa.: Address Hoe & Co., New York, or Cincinnati Type Foundry.

J. B. B., Swan Lake, Dak.:
Are gravestones exempt from all taxes?
It has been so decided in several instances.

H. P., Flackville:
Tell me the address of William H. Vanderbilt, of New York City, in full.
The above is as full as we can give it. There will be no trouble about a letter reaching him, thus addressed.

S. J. B., (no Postoffice):
If a person purchases a policy in the Travelers' Life Insurance Company, can he borrow money on it from the banks?
You might find some money lender engaged in that business.

J. M., Wheatland, Neb.:
Please let me know the amount of Garfield's estate at his death.
His estate was probably worth $50,000, but he had some debts, His family is well provided for now, however.

Correspondents who are continually asking the BLADE to publish descriptions of the Far West, with information where Government lands can be obtained, etc., should write to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis., for illustrated pamphlet, which will be sent free.

W. S. S., Cold Stream, W. Va.:
1. Can a soldier of the civil war sell and make a good title for Government land without settling on it? 2. Can a widow of a soldier of the war of 1812 make a title for land without settlement?
1. No. 2. A land warrant can be located by any one, if that is what you mean.

Reader, Oberlin, O.:
If a wife should leave her husband and go to another State, and should not hear from her in eight years, would she be free, or what would he have to do to free himself?
Absence would not free him. He must obtain a divorce in accordance with the laws of the State in which he resides.

G. B. C., Glassville, Mo:
Could not the electoral vote of a State be thrown out, if clear and sufficient proof were presented of fraud and intimidation at the polls?
Yes; but it is not likely the present House, with its large Democratic majority, would ever consent to throw out the electoral vote of a State if it was needed to seat the Democratic candidate.

W. F. G., Hendersonville, N. C.:
1. Give the political stand that Vallandigham took in the war. 2. Was Gambetta's death caused by a shot? 3. If one woman in Paris rules the fashions of the world, what is her name and character?
1. He denounced it as an unholy war, and predicted that the South never would be brought back into the Union. 2. No; there was some sensational story about his being shot by a woman, but there was no truth in it. 3. It is said that the women of Paris start all the new styles, and that a man milliner named Worth works out their designs.

G. P. C., Lyle, Kan.:
Who was the King Arthur mentioned in many of Tennyson's poems; and in what country did he reign? 2. What is the name of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels in which Queen Elizabeth, Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester are prominent characters?
1. He was King of the tribe of ancient Britons called Silures, and lived in the beginning of the sixth century. He rallied around him the remains of the British tribes, now driven into the west of England, and bravely defended the liberty and faith of his people against the encroaching and conquering pagan Anglo-Saxons, under Cerdic. In a battle with his own nephew, Modred, who had revolted, fought in 545, Arthur was mortally wounded, and being conveyed to Glastonbury, died, and was buried there. Giraldus Cambrensis relates that he was present when the tomb was opened by command of Henry II., and the bones and sword of the monarch found. 2. Do not remember.

D. M., (no postoffice):
1. Who is the "sweet Singer of Michigan?" 2. Please give a brief summary of England's naturalization laws. 3. Is there another Philadelphia in the United States besides the one in Pennsylvania? 4. Where are the Falls of the Ohio?
1. Miss King, we think. 2. The power is vested in the principal Secretaries of State, any one of whom, on receiving a petition from an alien intending to reside in the United Kingdom, may issue a certificate, to be enrolled for preservation in Chancery, granting to the memorialist, on condition of his taking a prescribed oath within 60 days, all the privileges of a naturalborn British subject, except that of becoming a member of Privy Council, or of either House of Parliament. The Secretary must except these rights, and may except others. Every person born of a British mother is capable of holding real and personal estate. A foreigner who has served two years on board a British ship, in time of war, becomes naturalized. 3. Yes, in seven other States. 4. At Louisville.

F. W., Brinkley, Ind.:
1. What is meant by coolie labor? 2. What is Blaine's foreign policy? 3. What is the majority in each House of Congress? 4. In what way does a protective tariff benefit the laborer?
1. Cheap imported labor. 2. It was very fully set forth in the speech made by Judge West, and published in the BLADE. 3. In the Senate there are 38 Republicans, 36 Democrats, and two Readjusters. In the House the Republicans have 118; "regular" Democrats, 196; Readjusters, 5; Greenback Labor, 1; Independents 3. 4. By giving him good wages. The first effect of free trade would be to reduce the wages of every mechanic in the country, many of whom would be obliged to turn farmers; this would cut down the wages of day laborers, result in the overproduction of wheat, corn, etc., and the farmer would have no home market. Statistics show that wages are always highest in the vicinity of large manufacturing centers. Take Kentucky and Ohio, for instance—one State with four-tenths in agriculture, the other with five-eighths. In Kentucky the average rate of wages in 1882 was $18.20; in Ohio, $24.55.

F. S., Milford Center, O.:
Please inform me what process is used by pickle packers in putting up cucumber pickles.
Small cucumbers, but not too young, are wiped clean with a dry cloth, put into a jar, and boiling vinegar, with a handful of salt, poured on them. Boil up the vinegar every three days, and pour it on them till they become green; then add ginger and pepper, and tie them up close for use. Or cover them with salt and water (as above) in a stone jar, cover this and set them on the hearth before the fire for two or three days, till they turn yellow; then put away the water, and cover them with hot vinegar, set them near the fire, and keep them hot for eight or ten days, till they become green; then pour off the vinegar, cover them with hot spiced vinegar, and keep them close. Half a dozen peppers to a jar will be an improvement. A farmer's wife gives the following directions for preserving pickles from scum: Pack the cucumbers in a jar or tub, pour a weak brine over them, and let it remain three days; pour off the brine and pour on boiling hot vinegar enough to cover the pickles, and let them stand 24 hours; reboil the vinegar and pour on as before; do this three times, letting the pickles stand 24 hours each time; then throw this pickle away and add enough fresh vinegar to cover the cucumbers; add a small lump of alum, about the size of a marble, to a gallon of pickle, half a pound of sugar and spices to taste; bring to a boil, skim, and then turn upon the pickles while hot; let them stand, well covered, for 10 days, and they are ready for use. Peaches, pears, sweet apples, etc., are served in the same way, except the use of brine.

J. H. J., Ohioville, Pa.: We have not seen a copy of the bill. Write to your member of Congress.

W. M., Pleasant Mount, Pa:
1. What are the requisite qualifications of teachers in Oregon and Washington Territory? 2. What wages per month are paid? 3. Are schools readily available for good teachers?
1. About the same as in the States. 2. In Oregon, the average is $33.63; in Washington Territory, $35.97. 3. Think not.

Country Editor, Pennsylvania:
1. If a subscriber takes a newspaper from the postoffice, or accepts it from a carrier and refuses or neglects to pay for it, what is the penalty? 2. Can he be proceeded against as a criminal, or only as an ordinary debtor under the law of the State?
1. No penalty, unless you take a cowhide to him. 2. No; he is merely a common swindler, to be proceeded against the same as other people who refuse to pay their debts.

F. S. C., Guilford, N. Y.:
1. Why do we vote for Electors instead of the candidates themselves for President and Vice President? 2. Please explain the term "watered stock," as applied to railroad and other securities?
1. Because the Constitution and laws prescribe that mode of voting. It is supposed to give the small States a better showing than they would have by a direct vote. 2. An over-issue of stock, usually distributed among certain stockholders to control a road or other corporation. The effect is to decrease the value of stock previously issued, and the favored few can "freeze out" small holders or buy up the stock at a discount.

Mrs. J. (no Postoffice): To secure a copyright, a printed copy of the title of the book must be sent to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. This must be done before publication. A fee of 50 cents for recording the title of the book must be enclosed with the title and 50 cents in addition for each certificate of copyright. Within 10 days after the publication of the book, two complete copies must be sent, to perfect the copyright, to the same address. The words, "Copyright, 18—, by ——" must be in every copy of the book to make it valid. In sending the copy of the title page state distinctly name, residence, etc. As to publishing correspond with Locke Publishing Company, Toledo or Boston.

G. B., Appleton City, Mo:
Will you let me know what the indebtedness was at the expiration of Buchanan's term; also the indebtedness and money in the Treasury at each Presidential term thereafter?

June 30,	1850—debt,	$59,964,402;	cash in the
Treasury,	$4,577,806;	June 30,	1861—debt, $87,-
718,660;	cash,	$4,862,213;	1865—debt, $2,674,815,-
566;	cash,	$5,852,013;	1869—debt, $2,432,777 873;
cash,	$155,680,340;	1873—debt,	$2,105,402,050;
cash,	$129,020,933;	1877—debt,	$2,205,963,250;
cash,	$186,025,961;	1881—debt,	$1,819,650,154;
cash,	$240,363,415;	1883—debt,	$1,558,781,825;
cash,	$347,389,903.		

These figures are for the fiscal year ended June 30 each year, and the total debt is given, less cash in the Treasury.

Sub., Dickeys, Pa.:
1. What became of Simon Girty, the refugee? 2. What became of the Kansas Henlers? 3. What became of Col. Washington? 4. What was the "O Grab Me Act?" 5. Who were the Hunkers?
1. In 1783 he married Catharine Mallott, a captive of the Shawnese, said to have been at one time the prettiest girl in Detroit. When the Indians were defeated by Wayne, Girty removed to Canada and settled on the Detroit River. He remained there until the war of 1812, and after Perry's victory he followed the British army on its retreat from Detroit. After the close of the war he returned to his farm near Malden, where he died in 1818. 2. No one knows. 3. He died in Charleston in 1810. 4. The embargo act of 1804. 5. Old fogy Democrats.

H. O. S., Marysville, Mo., writes: "I noticed in your column of questions and answers, an inquiry as to the origin of the term, 'bloody shirt.' I think that I can give one that antedates the answer given. Walter Scott, in the first volume of Rob Roy, gives an account of the battle of Glenfruina, where the severity which the victors used in pursuit was reported to King James in a manner very much to the discredit of the Clan Gregor, and that the King might fully understand the extent of the slaughter, the widows of the slain, to the number of 11 score, in deep mourning, riding upon white palfreys and each bearing her husband's bloody shirt upon a spear, appeared at Stirling and demanded of the King vengeance for the death of their husbands upon those who had made them desolate."

G. H. H., Mt. Perry, O.:
1. What is required of a soldier spending 3½ years in the service to enable him to homestead? 2. How and where shall I address land offices? 3. Is there any land in Oregon for homesteading? 4. For what can Government land be bought per acre?
1. A soldier must live on the land one year, no matter how long he served; in the case of serving 3½ years he would be required to reside 18 months on the land. 2. The General Land Office is in Washington; the other Land Offices are in the principal Cities of the States and Territories where there is Government land. Address Commissioner of General Land Office, or Register of Land Office at other points. 3. Yes. 4. The public lands are divided into two classes. The one class have $1.25 an acre designated as the minimum price, and the other $2.50 an acre, the latter being the alternate sections reserved by the Government in land grants to railroads etc.

S. C. L., Arkansas City, Kan., writes: "Your answer that Indian Territory has never been surveyed into sections is not correct. The fact is that the Indian Territory has about all been sectionized. If you were here I could show you almost any day men who helped survey it, and I could show you the graves of five surveyors whom the Osages killed and scalped, while they were surveying in the Territory south of this place, in the year of 1871. There is land in the Territory to which the Indian title is extinguished; therefore it is public domain, and heretofore it has always been conceded that a man had a right to 'squat' on public land, no matter what State or Territory it was located in; but this Oklahoma country seems to be an exception, as D. L. Payne and his followers have several times in the last five years been removed by the military. A case against Payne in the United States District Court for violating the intercourse laws, by trying to settle in the Territory known as Oklahoma, has been postponed from term to term for four or five years, and that part of the Government represented by the Interior Department has shown a studied determination to allow no trial in which the question of title to the Oklahoma lands is likely to be discussed by the Court. Sen. Plumb this Spring introduced a bill to open for homestead and pre-emption that portion known as the Oklahoma lands in the Indian Territory. It was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, I think, and that was the last heard of it."

A. A. G., Jamestown, Tenn.:
I want to see the platform of the old Whig party of 1840, as that was the time of the commencement of my political opinions.

The grounds of difference between the two parties at that time are thus set forth in the Tribune Almanac of 1841: It is the cardinal conviction of those known as Whigs that Government need not and should not be an institution of purely negative, repressive usefulness and value, but that it should exert a beneficent, paternal, fostering influence upon the industry and prosperity of the people. It affirms that the people can never expect too much from the Government, when they expect only that which the Government can justly bestow. It affirms that the interest of the Government and the interest of the people are or should be identical—in short, that Government was founded, and is supported, in order that it may promote the welfare and happiness of the people by every legitimate means within its power. The question of protection to home industry is the first of importance to those necessarily dividing the two parties. The Whig doctrine affirms that Government ought to protect and cherish the industry of the country to the fullest extent, as a matter of legitimate and necessary concern; and that the people have a right to look to it for all the aid within its power. Democrats, on the other hand, say that industry should look out for itself, and that Government neither can nor should do anything in its behalf in any contingency. On the currency question the Whigs maintain that it is the duty of the Government to provide, and that the necessities of the people demand, a National circulating medium of uniform soundness and value. They hold it impossible that coin alone shall perform this service. On internal improvements the two parties were directly opposed—the Whigs generally looking with favor upon works of that character, and the Democrats opposing them. On the question of public lands, the Whigs insisted that the lands were the common property of all the States, and that the proceeds should be fairly distributed to the several States, to be by them applied to purposes of education and internal improvement. The Democrats held that the proceeds of land sales should go into the Federal Treasury, and be used to defray the ordinary and current expenses of the Government.

AN INDIAN DELICACY.

A Feat of Cookery that Astonished a Civilized Expert.

The Indians scattered along the foot hills of the Sierra, says a Nevada correspondent, are a quiet, inoffensive people. They do not appear to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adhere to many of their old traditions. The tide of industry and civilization sweeping over and around has left them greatly modified by the contact, and although they retain the original characteristics of the race, in some respects they have much improved. One or two men of superior ability and industry form a nucleus around which others less ambitious gather. Here they fence with brush and logs a tract sufficient for their requirements of haymaking, pasturage, etc. They invariably build their cabins upon the most slightly point, even when the spring that furnishes their water is half way down the hill. This habit has no doubt descended from a warlike ancestry, and is no æsthetic delight in hazy valleys and misty mountain tops. Their gardens are not an assured success when water is plentiful and the weather propitious. They cannot always wait for their maturity. Many of them are industrious and find remunerative work at wood chopping, sheep shearing, etc.

Although they often indulge in the food of civilized nations, the acorn is still a favorite article of diet in every well regulated wigwam. The process of converting this bitter nut into anything like palatable bread is curious. Under the branches of a grand old pine I found them at work. They had shucked and ground in the usual manner a large mass of the acorn meats; a number of circular vats had been hollowed out of the black soil, much the shape of a punch bowl. Into these was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood several large clothes baskets filled with water, and into these they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water to the required temperature. Upon the mass of crushed bitterness they carefully ladled the hot water, making it about the color and consistency of thin cream. Not a speck of earth appeared to mix. A buxom *squaw* stood by each vat and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, skillfully removing any speck that floated upon the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a firm, white substance, of which they made bread.

I asked to taste of it, at which they said something in their language and laughed. I asked again, and after more laughter, I was handed a small particle on a fig leaf, and found it sweet and palatable. They began to remove it, and so adroitly was this done that but a small portion adhered to the soil. They spread it out upon the rocks, and in a short time it was fit for use. This, I am told, they mix with water, pat it into thin cakes and bake before the fire.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Superstition in 1884.

Our Naples correspondent writes: "In the province of Cartania (Sicily), we are informed, the festival of San Filippo, the patron saint of Calatabiano, is celebrated in a strangely superstitious manner. The ignorant population of that district believe that San Filippo has the power of restoring to health all those afflicted with epilepsy, hysterics, insanity, or other nervous maladies; in short, that the invocation of the saint is sufficient to cast out the 'evil spirit.' On the day of the festival such afflicted persons from all the country around are brought by their relatives to be cured instantaneously at the church of Calatabiano. On arriving they are seized by robust peasants, who attempt to make them kiss the image of the saint, and cry, "Viva San Filippo." Some, as might be expected, are too stupid to obey, others struggle furiously in the hands of their captors, who then resort to the most savage means of compulsion, tearing off their clothes, pulling their hair, and even biting them, continuing the torture throughout the day, until the victims pronounce the sacramental words. This being accomplished, the unfortunate invalids are again consigned to their relatives, who take them home with tears of joy, only to be bitterly undeceived by finding them later on worse than before. This year the same scene was repeated, but was soon put a stop to by a police constable, who, in the name of the law, arrested all those who refused to renounce the barbarous custom."—*London Daily News.*

Twenty-five New Senators.

The terms of 25 Senators expire on the 3d of March next, 14 of them being Democrats and 11 Republicans. The successors to four of them have been elected, and Allison is the only one who has received another term. Williams, of Kentucky, will be succeeded by Congressman Blackburn, Jones, of Louisiana, by ex-Sen. Eustis, and Pendleton, of Ohio, by Payne. Pugh, of Alabama, Walker, of Arkansas, Call, of Florida, Brown, of Georgia, Vest, of Missouri, Vance, of North Carolina, and Hampton, of South Carolina, are certain to be succeeded by Democrats. Hill, of Colorado, Logan, of Illinois, Ingalls, of Kansas, Blair, of New Hampshire, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Cameron, of Wisconsin, Morrill, of Vermont, and Slater, of Oregon, will have Republican successors. The seats of Platt, of Connecticut, Vorhees, of Indiana, Jones, of Nevada, and Lapham, of New York, will be filled by the Legislatures to be elected this fall, and the result will depend largely upon the Presidential election. John W. Mackey will endeavor to succeed Jones as Senator from Nevada.

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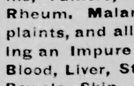

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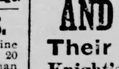

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, July 3, 1884.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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make a proposition which never has been equalled in the history of newspapers. We will send the BLADE to any address, singly, or in clubs, from the receipt of the money

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The election is in November, and it is now July. This gives the best weekly paper in the world

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This does not cover the actual cost of printing, postage and mailing; but we give this as our contribution to the cause.

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It is unnecessary to say anything about the BLADE. Everybody knows it to be the most aggressive Republican paper in the United States, and the most effective for campaign purposes. It has now the largest circulation of any weekly in the country, and it can do more good with 200,000 circulation than with 113,000.

RAISE CLUBS AT ONCE.

Everybody will take it. Commence the canvass as soon as you read this announcement. Roll in clubs of tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds. Pile them in upon us—we have the machinery to fill all demands that may be made.

Let them come from everywhere, from Maine to Texas. Every reader of the BLADE is called upon to help in the great work.

THE NASBY LETTERS,

will be printed regularly in the BLADE for which paper they have been exclusively written for twenty years. They will be of value this year.

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS

that have made the BLADE so valuable, will be maintained. We shall not print a separate campaign paper, but send the regular BLADE, the only difference being we shall pay more especial attention to politics than at other seasons.

RAISE A CLUB FOR THE BLADE.

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P. S.—Send postal notes if possible. Don't send us postage stamps if there is any other way of remitting.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

EVERY effort is making by the Democrats in Congress to adjourn by the end of this week. The Mexican War Pension bill passed the Senate, which rejected the amendment of Mr. INGALLS, which contemplated an extremely expensive and unwise extension of the principle of the Arrears of Pensions bill. It pared down the benefits accorded to veterans of the Mexican war, and added provisions for the benefit of soldiers in the late war, until a thoroughly Democratic measure was converted into a thoroughly Republican one, which the House will not pass as thus amended, the Democratic Senators having voted against it as a body.

THE House has passed the measure reported by its own Committee for the regulation of counting the electoral vote. No one can expect that the Senate will agree to efface itself by sitting in a Joint Convention, in which every member has one vote, whether he be Senator or Representative. The Senate will disagree, and a most important subject be left without action by Congress.

THE President has signed the DINGLEY shipping bill, and it is now a law. It imposes no disadvantages on foreign ships trading to our ports, and none on American ownership of foreign built vessels. It provides for limited liability for shipowners, and requires the suspension of the collection of so much of the tonnage duty on vessels from American countries, as this tax (three cents) exceeds the tonnage and light-house dues imposed on our vessels by those countries.

THOUGH it lacks but a week of the meeting of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, the party is hopelessly at sea as to the selection of a candidate. The woods are full of aspirants, but the great masses of the party know but little of them, and their opinion does not center about any one. The Convention will be the antithesis of the Republican gathering in this: There will be no spontaneous demand from the people in favor of anybody. The matter will be left for the politicians to settle, and they are as much divided as it is possible to be.

THE Senate has adopted an amendment to the legislative appropriation bill which provides that the reports in the *Congressional Record* shall be an accurate transcript of the debates and proceedings, and that no speech shall be published that was not actually delivered. A stop is also put to the practice of re-writing speeches after delivery, by providing that only verbal alterations shall be made therein. The amendment is a bit of legislation that has been sorely needed for a long time, and will have the effect of making gentlemen careful of what they may say on the floor during debate, and of putting a stop to the publication of long-winded speeches that were never delivered.

THE sober second thought is getting the better of the Republican bolters. The leaders remain obstinate, but indications multiply that their following will be too small to have any effect upon the Presidential election. The voters see that, after all, the elevation of the Democracy to the control of the National Government would bring with it consequences more to be deplored than the election of any Republican who might be named.

WEATHER conditions have continued auspicious on the whole, though there have been stormy belts in which the crops have suffered somewhat. Such injuries have been in districts east of the principal grain regions. The wheat harvest is progressing in the latitude of southern Indiana and Illinois, and the bulk of the crop south of that line has been cut. All advices concur in representing that the grain is clean, large and sound, but cheat is found to an extent unknown for many years. This detracts from quantity, but not appreciably from quality. It is the present theory that the aggregate yield will fall somewhat behind that of 1882, which was the largest on record. Reports in regard to other small grain crops have been favorable. Corn and hay are universally represented to be doing well, though the former is backward in middle latitudes. Cotton and tobacco advices are entirely satisfactory. On the whole, the general situation of the crops was never more promising.

IT will be a surprise to the civilized world should the Opposition in the House of Commons succeed in overthrowing the GLADSTONE Cabinet, on account of its Egyptian policy, because, although there is undeniably a strong feeling in England against this policy, the Opposition has no leaders; it has proposed no better policy; and its efforts to keep alive the Egyptian discussion are recognized as attempts to draw off attention from the Franchise bill—the most important measure now before the British public.

THE cholera at Toulon and Marseilles is now said to be a "mild type" of the dreaded Asiatic disease. It has spread to Marseilles, and it is probable it will continue its march until it reaches our shores.

THE trouble over the succession to the throne of Holland is to be settled by a convocation of a general State Council to declare the little Princess WILHELMINE heir to the throne, with the Queen as Regent during her minority, in the event of the death of the aged King. Germany has given assurances that she has no aspirations to annex the Netherlands to the German Empire.

TOULON, the French City now being devastated by the cholera, is one of the filthiest of the Mediterranean seaports and that means a great deal. No doubt that is the reason of the spread of the epidemic.

YEARS ago, GAWGE WILLLIAM CURTIS made a trip up the Nile, and wrote a yealy book thereon, called "Nile Notes of a Howadji," in which he gave his impressions of the dancing girls and other features of the social system of the Orient which would naturally attract the attention of a young man out on a lark. The impressions of that trip have been lasting. He kicks because he is not allowed to place the Republican party in the position of a harem, with those political eunuchs, the Independents, for guards.

GEN. CARR, a prominent New York politician, who has been three times elected Secretary of State, says the nomination of CLEVELAND by the Democrats means a Republican majority of 40,000 in the State.

WHY BLAINE AND LOGAN SHOULD BE ELECTED.

There are reasons enough for the election of BLAINE to the Presidency to fill a volume, but these are the most important:

CERTAINTY VS. UNCERTAINTY.

The country cannot afford to sail out upon untried seas. The Democracy have no fixed principles. The Democratic party is agreed upon nothing except the possession of the patronage of the Government. For instance, it has no settled policy as to the tariff. In some States it holds to protection, in others to free trade, and in others to tariff for revenue with incidental protection. One Democratic member would burn all the custom houses and admit all goods of foreign manufacture absolutely free of duty, while another would have a tariff that would be well nigh prohibitory, and still another would protect certain articles and leave others equally important without protection.

What would be the result should they succeed in seizing the reins of government? There would be immediately a feeling of distrust and uneasiness that would check enterprise, paralyze business and set the country back 20 years. If the party held to free trade it would be better, as in the event of its success business men would know what to expect, and would trim their sails accordingly, but as it is no one would know what to do. A bad policy is better than no policy.

A Democratic success would result in a constant tinkering with the tariff, a series of attempts at compromise which would keep the country in a state of inactivity until the people swept the mob out of power.

THE HERESY OF FREE TRADE.

The Democratic party, so far as it has any policy on the question of tariff, is committed to free trade. The majority of the party hold to this heresy, while its brains are opposed to it. The Democratic party has its strength in the South, which is largely agricultural, having but few other industries. It is true there is a growing sentiment in favor of protection in the South, owing to an increase in manufactures, but the purely cotton sections are yet violently free trade. Next to the South, its strength lies in New York, which is dependent entirely upon foreign trade. It makes its money by importing goods from other countries. Every English manufacturer has an agency in New York, and well-nigh all the French and German manufacturers. They, of course, want free trade that they may kill off American manufactures. They want America as a pasture-field. The German Government excludes American pork, to protect the aristocratic farming class, but it wants us to admit their manufactures free of duty. The manufacturers of England, France and Germany want the people of this country to take their goods, but they do not want to take our products. They want America to sell goods to, but not to buy of.

To destroy the Tariff, as the majority of the Democratic party demand, would be to destroy every manufacturing interest in this country. Germany will not take our pork now, and were the tariff on German goods removed, the millions of workmen now making these goods would be thrown out of employment and be unable to use the products of our farms. Then the manufacturing countries of Europe would have us as they want us. They would take our agricultural products at their own prices. They would fix the price of the goods they sell us, and likewise the price of the breadstuffs we sell them. Our markets would be made in Liverpool and Hamburg, instead of New York and Chicago.

The Democracy dare not now attempt Free Trade, but give the party control and the conservative element would be too weak to hold the ultra Free Traders in check, and the result would be tinkering and trouble that would be actually worse for the country than as though Free Trade, pure and simple, should be proclaimed. There would be the doubt and delay that is the worse thing possible for business. The uncertainty would keep money out of business, would check new enterprises and destroy old ones.

It must be borne in mind that the money used in forwarding the schemes of the Free Traders is all furnished from England. The importers of New York are furnished with money by the manufacturers of England to pay the expenses of the campaigns in favor of free trade. All the printed matter circulated by free trade associations is printed in England. There is nothing that England, France and Germany will not do to repeal our tariff to the end of crushing out our manufactures.

Every farmer has a direct interest in maintaining manufactures. Protection to manufactures is protection to agriculture. The one interest is bound to the other. The Republican party is committed to protection to American labor.

SECTIONAL LINES.

The country can never be considered prosperous so long as it is divided by sectional lines. So long as there is a Democratic party fanning the flames of sectional prejudice, so long will there be a "Solid South," and legislation will be of a class, instead of a National, character. There should be no more a solid South than a solid North. As the interests of both sections are identical the divisions between parties should no longer be made upon geographical lines. The Democracy encourage the solid South for political purposes. The "Solid South" is its only reliance. To bring the two sections more closely together, to make the country one in feeling, as it is in interest, a Republican success this Fall is essential.

WE WANT A FOREIGN POLICY.

We must have a comprehensive and vigorous foreign policy precisely like the one which, had GARFIELD lived, Mr. BLAINE would have inaugurated. We want outlets for our agricultural products and our manufactures. We want such treaties with Mexico and the South American States as will give our manufacturers at least equal privileges with England. England has virtually monopolized the trade of these countries. She, very wisely, never loses sight of a market and never fails to secure one. This country has never demonstrated its strength abroad, but has suffered our rivals to occupy fields that naturally belong to us. We must have these markets. We have coal and iron, and skill to manufacture them, and all we need is a fair field and no favor. This BLAINE will give us. Had GARFIELD lived, we would by this time have had our hands upon the South American States, and there would have been an impetus given to manufactures in this country that would have been felt by every farmer in the United States. Secure in our home trade and with a fair competition in other countries, our manufactures would be doubled in five years. JAMES G. BLAINE is the only statesman who, so far, seems to have realized this necessity, and the only one who has evolved a policy looking to the securing of it.

WHAT ENGLAND WANTS.

It is always safe to do that which your rivals do not want you to do. BLAINE is an American, a lover of America, and a man whose highest ambition is to make the United States the greatest, richest, most prosperous and most powerful nation on the globe. This is his dream and he is a most practical dreamer. He is the more dreaded by England, our chief rival, than any man on the continent.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the leading financial and political paper of England, speaking of BLAINE'S nomination said:—

"Blaine's nomination is the most notable event for England since the Lincoln assassination. Wherever Blaine can oust the British from positions they hold on the American continent, he will endeavor to replace English influence and trade by American. His intervention in Peru was most ominous, when he declared he disliked England to win commercial triumphs in fields which legitimately belong to America. England will watch with extreme solicitude the progress of the campaign."

Of course England will watch the progress of the campaign with solicitude, for England knows that with BLAINE, a strong, iron-willed, progressive and aggressive man, in the chair, the United States will dispute successfully her commercial supremacy on this continent. England knows that BLAINE will grasp the trade of Mexico and the South American States, and with the strength thus gained will enter the lists for the trade of the world. Our manufactures will not be shut out of these countries by treaties discriminating against us, nor will other nations have advantages denied to us.

It is BLAINE'S intense Americanism that makes him dreaded by the other commercial nations of the world more than any other man.

INTELLIGENT CONTROL.

The control of the country should be in the hands of the best elements of our population. Republicanism is the strongest where the people are the most virtuous and intelligent. Republican majorities are in the States where there are the most and best school-houses, and Democratic majorities where there is the most ignorance and vice. The line is very sharply drawn. New York with its miles upon miles of low gin-mills, with its horde of ignorant and debased voters, with the vice and corruption inseparable from a great City, gives enormous Democratic majorities. Democracy is strong precisely in proportion to the number of people who can neither read or write. The line is thus drawn in Cities as well as country. The gin-mill wards of Boston are overwhelmingly Democratic, the respectable wards inhabited by mechanics, merchants and manufacturers are overwhelmingly Republican. Iowa is Republican, Arkansas is Democratic.

The control of this country should never be permitted to be taken from the sober, industrious and intelligent classes and placed in the hands of organized ignorance and vice, led by unscrupulous demagogues who can only manage that kind of material.

A PARTY WITH A POLICY.

The country should be governed by a party that has a policy, that is not afraid to declare itself upon all questions that arise The Democracy have no policy. They are not united upon anything. There are as many shades of opinion in the organization as there are Congressional Districts. Upon the question of money they are hopelessly divided. In some States they are for flat money and opposed to the present banking system, and in the others they are in favor of National banks and a currency based upon gold. They do not agree upon a tariff, they are at variance on the question of internal improvements, in brief they agree upon nothing, except a wild desire to control the Federal patronage. A Democratic platform means nothing. No Democratic Convention dares to express an opinion upon any subject that cannot be construed to mean anything anybody desires. A Democratic administration therefore, would come into power with no fixed line of policy, and there could be nothing so demoralizing, nothing so destructive of business interests. It would be a series of experiments which could not but result in complete demoralization.

THE PARTY THAT HAS DEVELOPED THE COUNTRY.

The Republican party is the only party that has ever seriously set about developing the country. Before its accession to power what development there was came of itself and by very costly and clumsey methods. The currency of the country was in a terrible condition, killing enterprise and checking progress. The Republican party gave the country the best and most stable currency in the world. The Republican party built the Pacific railroads, it improved our rivers and harbors, it has fostered manufactures to a point that gives us a footing as against the old manufacturing countries, it built up new States and enormously strengthened old ones. The progress of the last 24 years has made this country rich and powerful, and it is reasonable to expect that if the Republican party be continued in power, its future will be quite as glorious as its past.

THE SOUTH.

We need a continuance of Republican administration on account of the South. Though the war closed 19 years ago, its results have not been fully accepted by that section. True, the South is entering upon a new era. Her railroad systems are extending, her vast mineral resources are being utilized by Northern capital, and many thousands of Northern immigrants have settled within her bounds.

They have brought new ideas to those portions wherein they have located, and the leaven is working The generation now coming on the stage of action have accepted the new order of things wrought by the war. But there are tens of thousands still left who, while they yielded up the dream of a Southern Republic, are not in sympathy with the social and political results of the defeat of the rebellion.

Educated to despise the negro as of an inferior race, they can not willingly concede to him the political rights granted by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

To trust the General Government to the hands of the Democracy, with which party these men affiliate, would be to extend the reign of the shotgun over the greater part of the South. The butchery at Danville and Copiah are but special examples of the reign of terror that would be inaugurated everywhere in the late Confederacy where the Northern element is not sufficiently strong to hold it in check.

EDUCATION.

The reign of justice to all men, irrespective of race, throughout the South, will not be fully established until the alarming illiteracy of the masses is greatly diminished by the establishment and generous maintenance of free schools, for both white and black children, every where in that section. Prejudice and race distinction are nurtured by ignorance. The perpetuity of a free government depends on an educated voting population, and the percentage of illiteracy is much larger in the South than elsewhere in the Union.

The Southern States are not alive to the overshadowing importance to themselves of this great work of universal education. It is one of the old ideas of the slavery period that education is only for the dominant class. There is a feeling that to educate the negro or the "poor white" is to lessen the social difference between them and the "ruling class." The States themselves will not establish systems of schools that are absolutely needful for this great work. It must be done, if done at all, by the National Government.

Gen. LOGAN is the chief advocate of the plan of National aid to free schools in the South, and wherever their need is apparent. The Republican party is committed to this policy, and if carried out at all, it must be done by that party. As a party, it favors the education of every child, in order that when he becomes a voter he may vote intelligently. The stability of the Nation depends upon the enlightenment of the masses.

FREE BALLOT AND HONEST COUNT.

In several of the Southern States the number of colored voters is so great, or the colored race is increasing in a greater ratio than the white, that if there were an absolutely free ballot and honest count, the domination of the white Democrats would be very speedily overthrown. The negro voters are intimidated and kept away from the polls, and every effort made by fair or foul means, to maintain the "Solid South." This is directly opposed to the fundamental principle on which this Government is founded, that the majority shall rule. To place the Democracy in power is to strengthen the hands of this aristocratic white minority in these States, and to perpetuate the system of the subjection of the colored voters. The Republican party favors a free ballot and an honest count, no matter for which party the votes may be cast.

PROTECTION TO OUR CITIZENS ABROAD.

We want a foreign policy that will protect the American citizen, native born or naturalized, wherever he may be. It is truly said that "no British subject is so lowly that England will not send a gunboat to protect his rights, when invaded." American citizens are practically without protection when they set foot upon foreign soil, The United States is now one of the greatest and most powerful nations on the globe. Other nations recognize this; but the policy of our Government has continued the same in regard to the rights of our citizens abroad, as it was perforce when we were a weak and struggling nation, No foreign power would allow an American citizen to be imposed upon within its jurisdiction were it the avowed policy of this Government to see that his rights were maintained. The honor of the flag must be upheld, and this is one thing that may be expected of the administration of JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

The complex questions arising out of the construction of the transcontinental railway lines and the grants of land by the Government to aid in their construction must be worked out by the party which inaugurated the system, as well as the proper regulation of inter-State commerce, which has grown out of the enormous increase in the railway system of the country. The Pacific railways were a National necessity. The shock of civil war showed that the great States of the Pacific slope were too far removed from the rest of the Union. They were separated by hundreds of miles of unsettled country, and the Rocky Mountains stood as a wall between the East and the West. To bring the Coast States into close relation with the rest of the country was vital.

A Pacific railroad would not pay as a business investment because it must run for hundreds of miles through a wilderness. The Government granted lands liberally to aid the construction of lines. Civilization has followed the lines of railways, Towns and Cities have sprung up as by magic, and the enormous growth of the Far West is the direct outcome of the far-seeing policy inaugurated by the administration of Pres. LINCOLN. The Pacific Coast is brought into close communication with the East, and its interests more and more bound up in those of the rest of the country. But out of this great system of transcontinental railways, fostered by Government aid, have grown a number of questions of the gravest importance. Some of the lines have not been completed within the prescribed time necessary to perfect their title to the land grants, and the question of their forfeiture now engages Congressional attention. Some have not patented their lands, in order to avoid taxation, and they must be compelled to do so. The question of exorbitant freight rates on railways is of vital importance to the farmers of the West, and, with other questions of inter-State commerce, demands governmental supervision. The settlement of all these questions so that no injustice may be done to any of the interests involved, should be left in the hands of the Republican party, which inaugurated the policy which has led to so marvelous a development of the West, and has made a homogeneous whole of sections separated by the width of the Continent.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Civil Service Reform was inaugurated by the Republican party, and it is pledged to see the reform extended until it embraces all grades of the public service. There is danger to free institutions in the power of official patronage, and the policy of the Republicans is eminently patriotic in thus striving to curb this power. The Democracy are opposed to this vital reform, and to place them in power is to annul all that has already been done in this direction.

THE CHOICE TO BE MADE.

What has the opposition to the Republican party to offer in exchange? Absolutely nothing. They do not oppose any one of the constructive principles of the party.

It has no policy. It has no past that it dare refer to, nor anything in the future to promise. Its past is no guaranty for the future. In fact, it can only ask for power by ignoring everything it has ever done. It has never had a policy that endured a year. It has never been upon the right side of any question. Whenever it has succeeded in a State, or the Nation, it has made a Republican triumph at the next election a certainty. It has not the power within itself to carry out anything it professes. It is a mob without a head—simply an opposition and nothing more. It was wrong before the war, during the war, and after the war. It would have destroyed the Union. It was the enemy of the country, It was disloyal during the war, and wrong on all the issues growing out of the war.

The intelligent voters of the United States will not turn over the country to the keeping of such an organization. They will adhere to the grand old party that preserved the life of the Nation when assailed by traitors, and which piloted it safely through its many perils after the rebellion was crushed. In short, it will declare its confidence in the organization by electing

BLAINE AND LOGAN.

THE MULLIGAN LETTER.

The Presidential campaign thus far has been conducted, on the part of the Democrats, solely as a personal one. Principles have not been discussed, and mud-slinging at the Republican candidate has occupied the sole attention of the opposition press.

A remarkable thing about this matter is that every charge brought against Mr. BLAINE is an old one. All have been brought up time after time in the past 12 years, and answered. Again the threadbare old charges are furbished up and brought forward in the attempt to blacken the character of the man whom the people delight to honor. The most prominent of these is Mr. BLAINE'S connection with the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad.

In 1869, while Mr. BLAINE was Speaker of the House of Representatives, a bill was introduced providing for a land grant to the above mentioned railroad. Some member offered an amendment providing for another grant to another project. Mr. BLAINE, as Speaker, ruled this amendment out of order as containing matter not germane to the bill. His ruling was in strict conformity to parliamentary law. The bill became a law, meeting no opposition in either branch of Congress, being passed unanimously by both Houses. The bill was an honest and a proper one, else it would have been opposed.

Three months afterward, Mr. BLAINE, seeking a business investment, began negotiating to obtain an interest in the road. No possible objection can lie against this. There is no reason that can be given why a Congressman may not purchase stocks or bonds in any legitimate enterprise with a view to profit, if he is so minded. No one has made any objection in this case.

What, then, is the ground of objection to Mr. BLAINE'S conduct? Simply that, while conducting negotiations for obtaining an interest in the road, he wrote certain letters to WARREN FISHER, of Boston, the agent of JOSIAH CALDWELL for the sale of the Little Rock securities. In these letters he called the attention of CALDWELL to his ruling on the passage of the bill three months before, by which the rider, which would have killed the bill, was declared out of order. BLAINE knew FISHER, but at the time of the passage of the bill the latter had no connection with the railroad project. BLAINE did not even know CALDWELL, and so carried on his negotiations through FISHER. BLAINE'S ruling was made in strict accord with parlimentary law, and had he failed to so rule he would have been direlect in duty. There was no connection whatever between his ruling and his subsequent purchase of bonds of the road.

Mr. BLAINE, like all strong men, has always had enemies—men who hate him for his great talents, who envy him his deserved popularity with the American people, who would crush him if they could, because he possesses qualities of mind and heart that they lack. MULLIGAN, a clerk of FISHER'S, was made a tool of these men. He stole the letters of BLAINE to FISHER about this investment, and they were made the basis of a Congressional investigation in 1876, with a view to crushing BLAINE'S aspirations for a Presidential nomination that year. Every effort was made to connect BLAINE'S ruling in this case with his subsequent purchase of bonds, and his enemies worked early and late to make the most of this accidental circumstance. The attempt was a failure then, and the wretched attempt to revivify the exploded slander made by the venomous Democratic press, will also fail. The vast majority of the Republican party of the United States gave their verdict in Mr. BLAINE'S favor when they demanded his nomination at Chicago. The people will ratify that verdict in his favor next November by triumphantly electing him President of the United States.

THE *Irish World* is the index of thousands of Irish in America. It is outspoken in its political utterances, and does not mince matters. In its last issue its announces that if the Democrats nominate any one else but BEN. BUTLER at Chicago, it will support BLAINE for the Presidency, and declares that the failure to nominate BUTLER "will be the signal for a bolt that will shatter the Democratic party to pieces." Let the bolt come. We want to see that shattering.

READ the article on this page entitled "Why Blaine and Logan Should be Elected," and hand it to your neighbor, who does not take the BLADE, for perusal. Don't let its length deter you.

The subject is not exhausted, but will be continued in subsequent issues. See that your Democratic neighbor reads it.

And, by the way, raise a club for the BLADE. Twenty-five cents till after the November election.

A BLAINE man has pointed out the fact, and a somewhat singular one, that neither of the two great political parties have ever nominated a candidate whose first name was JAMES, that he was not triumphantly elected. JOHN is the next best Christian name, the only JOHN ever defeated being JOHN C. FREMONT—and he was beaten by JAMES BUCHANAN.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Reads Harpers Weekly and Has a Dream Over It.

CONFEDERAT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky.)
June 20, 1884.

Since *Harper's Weekly* has jined hands with the Corners and becum trooly Democratic, I determined to encurridge it, we made up a puss and subscribed for one copy, wich dubbles its cirkelashun in the Corners. Ef its cirkelashun will dubble everywhere the Harpers will hev accomplished ther purpus, and will come back permanently to the Dimocrisy wich they left in 1861, after the war cut orf the South from ther trade, and the Republikins refoozed to hev any paper wich caricatoored the goriller Linkin.

The fust number we receeved contained a cartoon based upon the story uv Virginia and her father Virginius.

I hed a great deal uv trouble to make the Corners understand the meanin uv the pikter. I hed to tell em that Virginia wuz the dawter uv a Roman offiser, a sort uv Briggadeer-General, ez it were, that the Emperor wuz in love with her, and wuz bound to hev her anyhow, that the gal wuz in love with another feller, that the Emperor, to git her, hed one uv his favorites trump up a story that she wuz reely his slave, and that this sneekin cuss brot the girl afore the Emperor, who uv course gave judgment in favor uv the sneek, the pint bein to git the gal away from her father and lover, when she wood be immejitly turned over to him; that when judgment wuz rendered, the father, to save the gal from fallin into the hands uv the tyrant, snatched a knife from a butcher's stall and killed her.

Deekin Pogram remarkt that it wuz a shameful waste uv property, that in the good old days in Kentucky a likely gal like that wood bring $1,500 in Noo Orleens.

Then I went on to show that in the pikter, Virginia, the innosent gal, stood for the Republikin party, that the crooel Emperer wich wuz agoin to take her anyhow wuz Blane, and that Virginius, the father uv the gal, wich wuz a killin the virgin to prevent her from fallin into the hands uv Blane, wuz the Independent Republikin party, made up mostly uv *Harper's Weekly* and Nast, the artist, wich I now hily respect.

They pertendid to understand it, but they didn't. It ain't classikle allooshens that ketch the Corners. They d n't know much about Virginius, but jist invite em over to Bascom's! That they comperhend. My constitoocents must be appeeled to mostly thro the bowels.

After exhaustin myself tryin to explain the pikter I went to bed and dreemed. The pikter wuz fresh in my mind. Ther wuz the independent Republikin, labelled "Independent Republikin," so't yoo cooden't make any mistake, there wuz Virginia, the handsome gal, labelled "Republikin party" so't yoo cooden't make any mistake about that, and ther wuz the Emprer labelled "Blane," so't yoo cooden't make any mistake about him. Mr. Nast hez to label all his pikters now, sence he has jined the Dimocrisy.

To begin with it wuz all in the dreem jist ez it wuz in the pikter. Blane rushed forrerd to seeze the Republikin party, and the Independent party, Mr. Curtis, seezed the gal and drawd her to one side and waved the butcher knife aloft, and wuz a goin to strike.

Ther wuz immejetly a tremenjus change from the pikter. The damsel standin for the Republikin party wuzn't a shrinkin gal at all, but she wuz a tall, strappin, splendidly proporshened female with muscle onto her. And the independent voter wuzn't a hardy soljer, with legs like the cedars uv Lebanon and muscle like a blacksmith, but he wuz a thin-leggid, narrer chested, long-haired, sallow-faced dude, with his hair partid in the middle. He wuz a leanin on the gal instead uv the gal leanin on him, and the moment he quit leanin onto the gal, his knees knocked together and it wuz with great difikilty that he stood alone. He wuz so week without his nateral support that he hed to ketch onto a Southern Dimocrat wich stood neer to keep on his feet at all, and the shadder uv the Southern Dimocrat hid him from mortal view. He wobbled.

The order uv things ez wuz set down in the pikter wuzn't observed at all. Ther wuz a variashen diffrent from wat the independent voter expected.

The fair damsel, the Republican party, suddenly developed a great deel uv muskeler power and considable will of her own. She riz to her full hite and fetched the Independent dude one under the ear that sent him in one direckshun and the knife another, and then she jumped onto the two of em, and kep jumpin on em till Mr. Nast didn't know whether he wuz Nast or Curtis, and Mr. Curtis wuz in grate doubt whether he wuz Curtis or Nast. Hevin finished the Independent party, she rushed over to Blaine, and throwin herself in his muskeler arms, reposed there confidinly and ez quietly ez any well-behaved young female ever did in the arms uv her ownest.

The Independent party ariz and sed: "Look here, this isn't the way it is, at all. Yoo must permit me to kill yoo to save yer honor, yoo know. Ef yoo don't, wat becomes uv me and *Harper's Weekly*? This won't do at all. Fall into my arms and be knifed without makin all this fuss. Yoo can't live without me, yoo know."

Then up spoke the damsel:

"Excoose me. When I make a change it won't be to take up with a thin-legged, emasculatid atomy like yoo. I don't like hair partid in the middle and can't love cold abstrackshuns. I don't need to be killed to save my honor, for I ain't quite so weak a virgin ez all that comes to. I don't wear flowers in my hair and I hev quit the bloo ribbon about my waist some time since. I know my little biz. I don't perpose to be killed at all. J. G. is a good enuff spouse for me, espeshly ez he come at me squarely and capchered me honorably, and ez for yoor killin me, yoo poor thing yoo hevn't strength enuff to strike. Yoo ain't got nerve enuff to weeld the knife you hold, wich is nothin but lath anyhow. The only weapon wortl.y uv yoo is a knittin needle."

And she took em on her thum nale and cracked em ez a Kentucky woman does nits.

* * * * * * *

I ain't shoor but that the dreem wuz profetik. It does kinder dawn on me that *Harper's Weekly* didn't make the Republikin party, but that the Republikin party made *Harper's Weekly*. And then the story ain't a good one for Mr. Nast anyhow. Republikinism ain't the dawter uv anybody. She is the father, mother and aunt in the kentry uv Mr. Blaine, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Nast. She is stronger than any uv em, or all uv em put together. She doesn't need any apologists or any pertekters. She perteks them. And ez she hez remorselessly killed all uv her children wich hev gone back onto her, I think Mr. Nast and the exceedingly nice Mr. Curtis may ez well say ther prayers. Mr. Nast hed better quit takin Roman subjex and fly back to the tropix. The best thing he kin do is to fall back on his regler picter uv an elephant with his back broke by somebody's climbin onto it, with the legend under, "Broken at Last." That is his best holt. He hez outlived everything else.

I am satisfied we wasted the $4 I collected to send the Harpers. We cood hev done better with it, to hev yoosed it at Bascom's.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Dreemer.)

MCADOO, a New Jersey Representative, the other day obtained leave to print a speech in the *Congressional Record*, without delivering it in the House. When printed, it was found to contain a charge that LOGAN had located and owned 80,000 acres of land in the West, and had aided a relative to obain lands in New Mexico belonging to Indians. The entire story has been shown to be a rascally falsehood. The campaign lie does not prosper this year.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Frank [illegible], during his seven weeks' mission [illegible], enrolled 11,000 names on the [illegible] rece[illegible]. ——The liabilities of the [illegible]lled Manufacturers' Bank of [illegible]o are stated to be $400,000: assets [illegible]r. ——Gen. Swaim and Gen. Boynton testified before the Springer Committee that Pres. Garfield considered the appointment of Cook, one of the star route attorneys, as an outrage. The Attorney-General, they said, justified the appointment on the ground of "setting a thief to catch a thief."——An effort was made to have Pres. Arthur abandon court-martial proceedings against Gen. Swaim, but he refused, and expressed surprise that such request should be made.——It is said there is to be an entire change of officers on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and that line will hereafter be operated independent of the Gould system. ——E. K. Hyndman, a prominent railroad man, died in Pittsburg, Saturday.——Forty-three sheep were stolen from a farm near Bellaire, O., shipped to Pittsburg and sold to a butcher for $10 and the freight. The owner followed, and succeeded in recovering $8 per head.——Marquis Bibbero is making preparations to swim Niagara rapids, where Capt. Webb lost his life.——Lawrence Worth so shocked the citizens of Baraboo, Wis., by his cruel treatment of his young wife, that they treated him to a coat of tar and feathers.——Long, the Michigan wife murderer, sent to prison for life, has made a second confession, in which he says he murdered his wife that he might marry a woman he was engaged to about six years ago.——A Mrs. Smith was drowned at Kalamazoo, Mich., while attempting to swim the river. She was drunk.——J. H. Hall was found guilty of murder at Lincoln, Ill., through the testimony of his little daughter. After trial his daughter attempted to kiss him, when he pushed her roughly away, and accused her of lying.——The body of a Mrs. Cook, who had been missing for a week, was found at the bottom of a well at Mattoon, Ill., with her throat cut from ear to ear, and her feet weighted with iron. Her husband, Dan Cook, and Simon Johnson, a supposed accomplice, are under arrest.——The *Irish World* says unless the Democrats nominate Butler for President, Irish Democrats will bolt the ticket and support Blaine. The *World* will lead the bolt.——Mrs. Charles Barry, a victim of somnambulism, walked through an open window, and was instantly killed.——Rev. Dr. Potter, of Geneva, N. Y., has been elected Bishop of Nebraska.——The family of Pauline Lewis, a Jewess, have disowned her, because she married a negro.——The Knights of St. John held a Convention in Detroit last week. The next meeting will be held in Chicago, June 24, 1885.——Herbert White, Jackson, Mich., fell on a buzz-saw and was terribly mangled,——A lightning rod agent named Parker was shot through the leg by John Grover, of Reese, Mich., for taking improper liberties with Grover's wife.——J. W. Burnham, a short time ago worth a quarter of a million, committed suicide at Yonkers, N. Y., because he had lost his fortune in speculation.——The mutilated bodies of a man and woman were found floating in the river at Leavenworth, supposed to be subjects from a dissecting room.——Morgan's Sons, New York bankers, have made an assignment.——John Kelly and Ben Butler will "knife" Bayard at every opportunity.——Lewis Keckley, of Oregon, who hid a skeleton in his house, then fired and burned the building, and disappeared, in order that his wife might recover his life insurance, has been arrested. He feigns insanity.——Irish Nationalists have resolved to raise a fund for paying Nationalist members of Parliament a regular salary.——Sulphur water from the coal mines along the Youghiog

Correspondence.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Pitmen Bowling on the Newcastle Moor.

Another Way of Spending Saturday Afternoon—Characteristics of the Delvers Under Ground.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

In speaking of the manner in which the Saturday half holiday is spent in and about Newcastle, we must not forget the pitmen and their favorite sport. If there is any one thing a pitman likes better than another it is betting. He will bet on anything. No matter how hard the times are, and just now they are awfully hard, your North of England pitman or coal miner will have his sport and attendant betting. At the grey-hound coursing matches he turns out in great numbers and bets his half crown with as much gusto as the heaviest landed proprietor. There is never a pigeon flying match that he does not attend, and the horse-racing going on at present all over the Island affords him plenty of opportunities—which he does not neglect.

One would naturally think that they would profit by the experience of the past. But as a class pitmen are the most improvident people in all England. When they are earning big wages they spend their money freely, and when wages go down they are the truest in the matter of clothes and food, but very seldom in the matter of drinking and betting.

The great depression that has existed in the ship building trade all this year has had a marked effect upon the coal trade. Wages are now down to the lowest figures known for years; notice of further reductions have been given, and only this week two collieries employing 300 men and boys have stopped work till there is some improvement in the trade. But there is no diminution in the amount of gambling going on.

I asked a gentleman who has spent all his long life on the banks of the Tyne, what the effect of this terrible depression would be this winter. "Oh, there will be organizations formed and such people as yourself and myself will be called upon for contributions."

"I must confess," he added, "that I have no sympathy for the British workingman, though I am an Englishman and have not long enough of this world's goods to look down as an aristocrat nor anything of that kind. But I have sense enough to lay by a certain portion of monthly earnings, so that if anything does happen I may be provided for. But our workingmen will not do it. Take for instance the pitmen. During the past three years they have been receiving good—yes, high wages, and they never saved a ha'penny for the time that has struck them now.

"So long as they have money they spend it royally. They live, not upon the fare they can afford to pay for, but upon the best they can get. I was talking with a colliery viewer about this very subject only a few days ago and he said that a couple of years ago he told his butcher that the meat bill was too high and it must be cut down, whereupon the butcher remarked that the bills of nearly all the pitmen under him were much larger than his.

"That's just the way with them. They take no thought of the morrow. They have lived high, and now they are at the other extreme and will suffer all Winter long, unless there is a most wonderful improvement in trade, which, from present indications, there will not be."

This summing up of the pitmen's character has been corroborated again and again by different people with whom I have talked. Of course there are exceptions. In an army of 20,000 men it would be strange if there were not some to whom the above statement would not apply. But, as a class, they are terribly improvident, and even their best friends, trying their best to say a good word for them, must heartily condemn their love of betting and drinking.

Announcements in the daily papers that there were to be several bowling matches on the Town Moor on Saturday first, drew an immense crowd. "Saturday first" is a location that bothered me considerably. It means simply the first Saturday after the notice is given no matter what the day of the month may be. The Town Moor is a tract of land embracing upwards of a thousand acres and belonging, as to the corporation of Newcastle. It is a vast plain upon which no buildings may be erected. The "Freemen" of the borough are allowed to graze a stated number of cattle each upon it, during certain seasons of the year. It is a good resort for horsemen, promenaders, cricket and foot ball players and pitmen.

Some celebrated bowlers were matched on this occasion, and their friends were out in great force, there being between 5,000 and 6,000 people present. The pitmans' game of bowls is not unlike the favorite Scotch and North of England pastime, made doubly famous by rare old John Leech. It consists in throwing a stone ball weighing from 10 to 16 ounces any distance that may be agreed upon.

The first match of the afternoon was by two men from neighboring collieries. Distance, one mile; bowls to weigh 8 and 12 ounces respectively, stakes £20 a side. The contestants were brawny specimens of England's manhood, strong-limbed and broad-chested. As they met at the starting point their friends crowded about and asked all sorts of questions as to their conditions, &c.

The men took of their coats, unfold the gaudy scarf that served instead of collar and tie, and soon appeared in a close fitting shirt, trunks and knee-breeches. In place of the heavy iron-rimmed shoes the pitmen use on race courses with a blunt spike in the sole, The 12 ounce bowler stepped up to the mark. A friend carefully wiped his bowl for him, while another ran ahead to pick out the smoothest course. All this time the onlookers were betting, betting on the winner, betting on the first throw, betting on the distance the winner would have, betting in fact on any and everything.

When all was ready the bowler went back eight or 10 yards and carefully setting the bowl in his hand looked anxiously ahead to where his friend was waving a handkerchief to show the best route, carefully measured the distance to the starting point, started off on a sharp run, moving his arm rapidly to and fro till he reached the line, and then with a tremendous effort he hurled the bowl, with a combination "jerk" and "underhand throw," which rewarded him and anxiously watched the sphere as it sped along. As it made a good run there was a shout from his friends.

The right ounce man then went through the same performance and put his bowl fully five yards in advance of the first. But this advantage was lost, and the 12-ounce man secured a lead of seven yards, which he increased to 12 at the end of the mile.

When the friends of the victor crowded about him and congratulated him in the heartiest manner, he bearing his honors with a conscious air of superiority. Dozens of hands helped him on with his clothes and some of the boys struggled for the honor of taking off his canvas shoes and putting on the heavy ones. Then the bets were settled and the hero and his chosen set repaired to a "pub" to celebrate the victory. Precious little of the stakes went to that pitman's home that night.

Nobody paid any attention to the vanquished man. He had one or two friends to help him dress, while he explained how "if it hadn't been for ——, etc., etc."

While waiting for the next match to go on (they are all just alike, except the weight of the bowls and sometimes the distance), the pitmen chaff each other or the old women who carry large baskets of eggs about crying, "Eye a penny, hinnie! New laid eggs a Penny each, hinnie." It is utterly impossible to reproduce in type the North of England dialect. It must be heard to be appreciated. The following bit, clipped from a local newspaper, will give a faint idea of it:

At a colliery near Byers Green, two old miners were wrangling the other morning respecting the first tenants of a certain public house in Broughton le Spring. "Georgy," said one of them, "as say thou's wrang; Bill Douglas was the forst that went intiv that house." "It was nowt i' the kind," Geordy replied, "the forst man that went intiv that house was a woman."

All the chaff and banter cease, however, the moment the bowler takes his place for a throw. Then everybody watches the course of the match and bets his shillings or half crowns or sovereigns on the one or the other of the two contestants. And so it goes on all afternoon, till all the matches are played off and then they disperse and leave the moor to the care of the cricket players.

THE WAGE QUESTION

has not been entered into for it should be fully discussed in all its bearings, and that will be done on another occasion. But it may not be uninteresting to note that now, just before the contemplated reduction goes into force, hewers, who when they can get work, are paid $1.12 per day of 7 to 7½ hours; deputies $1.10. Hand putters get 90 cents for 10 to 11 hours, and screeners get 70 cents for the same time. Enginemen are paid as follows: Winding, 8 hours, 98c.; hauling, 11 to 12 hours, 96c.; Pan, 12 hours, 94c., locomotive, 12 hours, $1.04.

How much margin does that leave for betting £5, £10, and even £25 on a bowling match? R. L.

FOUR GREAT VALLEYS.

From Lake Erie to the Sea, by Way of the Scioto, Ohio, Great Kanawha, and James Rivers.

I.

THE SCIOTO VALLEY.

Leaving Columbus on the well-built and finely equipt Scioto Valley Railroad one enters at once upon a county that simply has no superior wherever the sun shines, for fertility and tranquil beauty. The Scioto rivers meanders with lazy indecision as to direction through fields of loam, black as night and mellow as an ash heap, through meadows, and corn-land, through billowy wheat and blooming orchards, gently rising, one above another, to where in the distance the purple rim of the low-lying hills meets and blends with the fluffy edges of the unmoving clouds.

It is such a land as the Goshen of old, whose never-failing fertility seduced the Children of Israel into surrendering the half-fed independence of nomad life for belly filling servility to the Egyptian landlords.

Here are the famous "Pickaway Plains," the granary in old times of all the mighty Indian tribes north of the Ohio, and to retain which they fought the covetous whites with a determination and courage worthy of a better fate. Here is Chillicothe, their old capital, and which bore something of the same relation to the Indians that roamed between the Ohio and the lakes that Mexico City did to the Aztecs beyond the Rio Grande. Here also is a still older capital, and for a more highly civilized and powerful race. Circleville has around it mounds that were temples and fortifications unequaled by the works of the queer old Mound-builders anywhere else. Whatever, or rather whoever that great and mysterious people were, who have left of themselves no trace but their appetite and genius for piling up dirt, it is pretty certain that the Scioto Valley must have been their main seat of population and power, made so by its superb capacity for supporting a dense population.

If ever there be a spot were "every rood supports its man," or could if the demand was made upon it, then it is this fruitful valley. Fatness and plenty reign everywhere. Comfortable roomy houses and barns crown the gentle swelling knolls. Out of them issue and swarm to the train men and women round of limb and full in breast and body, with moony faces showing in every feature sleek comfort in mind, body and estate. Strong, smooth-skinned horses draw deep-running plows through the sooty soil, and cattle whose haunch and born show a pedigree as long as a German Prince's, stand knee-deep in the lush clover.

As we speed southward the valley broadens, but the hills rise higher and higher, until they approach the altitude of mountains.

II.

THE OHIO VALLEY.

At Columbus we had just begun to descend from the broad table-land which forms the "roof" of the country and separates the great water-sheds of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. Now we are coming to one of the greatest of the arteries of the Mississippi drainage basin. We whirl into the little, ancient, smoke-begrimed City of Portsmouth—in the old canal days the great distributing point for the business of the Scioto Valley, now a rather lively iron manufacturing point, and, lo! here is the

QUEENLY OHIO,

rolling onward in all the majesty of her power and grace. A half-mile width of a strong, steady, deep stream, sweeping around the high hills that sentinel its course, makes the Ohio eminently worthy of all the praiseful things which have been said of her. A thousand miles long, with every mile easily navigable by boats that bear the burden of great ships, with tributaries that are in themselves the noble highways of a kingdom, with more than the historic Rhine's volume of water, length and tributary country, the Ohio is one of the grand water-courses of the world. In Europe it would be the boundary of an Empire, the base of operations of great armies, the objective of sweeping national movements, the nucleus about which would cluster all manner of struggles and achievements; it would be sung about, painted, assoired to, and apostrophized, as the Rhine, the Danube, the Po, the Seine, the Volga, the Tegus,—all of which are much inferior to it, as rivers,—have been.

The Scioto Valley Railroad follows the course of the Ohio for 30 miles upward, and, passing the towering precipice famous in early frontier history, as "Hanging Rock," we come to

IRONTON.

This is the center and heart of the greatest iron producing district in the West, outside of that around Pittsburg. I haven't the statistics at hand, but I believe that more Iron is made at Ironton, and around that City—at Ashland, Hanging Rock, Portsmouth and the furnaces tributary, than at any other place in the United States, except the Pittsburg district. Be that as it may, everywhere one turns here the eye rests upon the tall, symmetrical smoke stacks of furnaces, rolling-mills, nail-mills and other smithies in which the steel sinews and ministers of industry and commerce are being wrought for their intended use.

CONQUERING IRON.

Did you ever see a furnace, a foundry, a nail-mill, or a rolling-mill at work? Well then, if you have not, let the most strenuous advice of him who writes these lines be to you to spend the next instalment of your sight-seeing money in a visit to Ironton or elsewhere, where you can see one or more of these mighty exhibitions of human brain and skill, combined with powerful enginery wrestling with the obdurate iron to subdue it, and shape and mold its stubborn strength to the service of man. It does not yield easily to its master. No—verily far-from it. Mightiest of man's agents it makes him pay a full price before it will bow its stubborn neck to his will.

No picture ever painted—not all the pictures ever painted—few of the grander specimens of Nature's sublime handiwork are so well worth seeing as the thrilling drama of the "Conquest of Iron," played daily and nightly in these grander forges than Greek or Roman artists ever represented as the workshops of Vulcan and his attendant Cyclops.

Talk about your great pictures—your magnificent battle pieces, your sieges and assaults of walled towns, your struggles of armed men over an earthwork, your thrilling theatrical spectacles—come with me in this rolling mill, and see men conquer Iron.

There is a full brigade of them arrayed for the encounter and they are a finer corps than any man ever marshaled for the heady fight. No weaklings, no skulkers, no hospital-slinks are there. All the brawny, resolute men, bronzed veterans, on whose naked, hairy breasts and arms the thews and sinews stand out like whip-cords; the grasp of their horny hands would strangle a devil-fish. They have stripped for the encounter as men do for a race, or a fight to the death.

But strong as they are individually, mighty as an avalanche as they are collectively, they have allies at work a thousandfold mightier than they. A great steam-engine yonder, more powerful far than the collective strength of the host which Gen. Grant flung against and over the battlements of Fort Donelson—is groaning and sighing with its imprisoned strength and shaking the very earth with the machinery it sets in motion. It urges the fires in the huge furnaces to such fury that the refractory clay itself almost melts, and the fierce flames pour out of the chimney-tops with a roar.

The struggle begins. A car loaded with pigs of crude iron from the blast furnace, is rolled up in front of a furnace, and brawny arms fling one after another of the heavy masses into the white hot abyss that yawns through the opened door. Only the obdurate iron can resist for a moment the awful heat. Zinc would burn there like so much paper. Copper, lead, silver or tin would disappear up the chimney like in a vapor, like drops of water thrown on a red-hot stove. Even the iron succumbs reluctantly to the magic mastery of heat. It becomes pasty and agglutinative. A stalwart "puddler" begins the assault, armed with a bar stouter than any lance ever laid in rest by armored knights of old, and wielded by stronger hands. For a few minutes, while he is kept from being burned up by water thrown upon him by his assistant, he turns and moves the waxy mass, that each side of it may be beat upon by the ever-operating flames, and its impurities be burned out. Even his great strength can not endure the exhausting labor long, and soon he gives way to another who takes his turn, and then another.

Minutes, quarters of an hour, go by, the furnaces roar, the flames beat, one exhausted man is succeeded by another, but still the iron is not subdued. It must be assailed still more sternly. It is wrenched from its fiery bed, and falls on a car at the furnace mouth, a mass so fiercely glowing that it seems it can not help shriveling up everything near it with its fervent heat. Men rush it off to the mighty trip-hammer, and turn it over and over, as relentless blows that would pulverize the eternal adamant fall upon it, and send showers of coruscating sparks in every direction. Battering rams against the walls of Troy, did you say? The lightest blow of that immense hammer would crumble like a cake the strongest wall the hand of man ever laid up. But it can not crush that "bloom." It can only aid in its subjugation, by reducing it to a little more pliability to its master's wishes.

After the hammer has done all it can do the iron goes back to the furnace for further torturing by fire. When it comes forth again—again it is so hot that water thrown upon it burns like oil,—it is forced into the grasp of a pair of rollers, no less powerful and relentless than the monster hammer. In their mighty grasp is is squeezed from its roughly-cylindrical shape into one flatter, longer and broader and of course thinner. Another pair of rollers makes it still flatter, thinner, longer and broader. As it comes through, hot, hissing and curling, the half-naked men spring at it as if it were an enemy, or a deadly serpent. their long tongs grasp it with the quickness of a flash, and unfailing precision, and force it back through still another pair of rolls, and then another, until at last it writhes out at the end, long, thin, fiercely glowing as some terrible creation of the infernal regions, and is dragged away to where a pile of its fellows are burning up the air with the intense heat they still give off.

Still it is only partially subdued. There will have to be more struggles in the fire and the merciless grip of mighty engines, before it is made fit for its intended use.

Now, my friend, how petty and puny seem most of the things you have been accustomed to admire, and wonder at, in comparison with this magnificent wrestle of thousands of strong men with awful, fiery shapes, amid the smoke and grime, the roar of furnaces heated seven times their wont, and the clank and throb of enginery mighty as a cyclone. JOHN MCELROY.

[To be Continued.]

What an Old Republican Thinks.

LITCHFIELD, Minn., June 23.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I wish to thank you for the solid, manly way in which you endorse the people's choice at the Chicago Convention, our grand Republican Chief, James G. Blaine. When Cushman K. Davis, the young Jim Blaine of Minnesota, arose and said, "Gentlemen of the Convention, it seems hardly necessary to second a nomination that seems now a foregone conclusion," he knew and felt the sentiment of the people he represented. Yes, the prayers of old, gray-headed Republicans, that had lost the youngest and last boy of the family in defense of the Union, the boy that they expected to lean upon for comfort and support in old age, were going up for the nomination of James G. Blaine, praying that the politicians would not be allowed to defraud them of their choice the third time. These men to-day would wade through mud ten miles barefoot and carry a small log-cabin and raccoon on their backs to cast their votes for Blaine and Logan, and I wish to say that when papers of the East refer to our men of the West as Cow-boys, that there is more real true manhood in the average cow boy of the West there is a whole dozen "Bossing" dudes. Many a Western man or cow boy, if you choose, can remember when he has had to chip in and help to support, or return to his home, for the old people to care for, one of these Bossing fellows who has taken Greeley's advice.

I think every Republican in the Western States especially, that is giving support in any way to the Harper periodicals, ought to stop taking them. It is an insult to an intelligent people for them to lend themselves to help defeat such a ticket as Blaine and Logan for no reason except that they failed to get the man of their choice nominated. Brother Republicans of the countful States, work as you never worked before; remember that it depends on you. You must defeat these dissatisfied politicians, as the people did for General Harrison. Let the log cabins of 1840 be relanlt, and our battle cry be, "The people, Blaine and Logan"!

B.

Mr. Blaine's Church.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

A gentleman of Oberlin, Ohio, wrote a letter a few days ago to the pastor of the South Congregational Church, Augusta, Me., asking him if Mr. Blaine was, or was not, a member of his church. Here is his answer:

"AUGUSTA, ME., June 14, 1884.

"DEAR SIR: Your inquiry of June 12 is at hand. Mr. Blaine and wife are members of the South Congregational Church of this City, in good and regular standing, and have been since 1858. Very truly,

"A. F. SKEELE, Pastor."

I support Mr. Blaine, not from any sectarian consideration, but from the higher ground that he is a Christian gentleman and a Republican statesman.

Clarksville, O. J. C. THOMPSON.

[The following is from a letter written by Rev. James H. Ecob, pastor of the church in Augusta from 1872 to 1881.—ED. BLADE.]

Mr. and Mrs. Blaine united on confession of faith with the South Congregational Church, Augusta, Me., in 1858. Dr. E. B. Webb, now of the Shawmut Church, Boston, was then pastor. He (Dr. Webb) not only had taken to wife the lovely and gifted daughter of his venerable and venerated predecessor, Dr. Tappan, but had also taken to heart his father-in-law's substantial theology, and judging from his recent action at the Old South installation in Boston no man may be sure there was a flaw in the "evidences" of the young couple. They were no doubt "soundly converted." The Congregational Church does not tolerate the idea of falling from grace, so they must be "persevering saints" to this day. However that may be, they are greatly beloved and honored in the church. Still more, they and their household and their guests are always in their places on Sundays. The children are in the Sabbath school. And, once more, they contribute generously to the support of the church, by their gifts, their influence and their wise counsels.

Mr. Blaine has stated over his own signature, in the private letter being now made public, that his father was a Presbyterian and his mother a Catholic. He was trained in a Presbyterian college and "sat in a Presbyterian Sunday School class," with some of the men who are trying to forget the fact just now for a reason. Mrs. Blaine comes of the old New England Stanwood stock, which has been Congregational from the beginning.

Now, having stated the facts positively for the benefit of some of the wroughealed organs, I proceed to state them negatively. Mr. Blaine is not a Presbyterian. The *Nation* will please take notice of this item, and recall its snivelling squib about "Blaine's Presbyterianism" and how he was playing it as a bait to catch the unsuspecting Presbyterians of Pennsylvania. Some one ought to tell the *Nation* that it is bad enough to bepraise a man on false premises, but it is downright villainy to abuse a man on false premises. The *Nation* ought to know that no man ever caught Presbyterian fish with Congregational bait. Mr. Blaine is not a Catholic, and from the above citation of facts it is plain he never has been near coming to man's estate. If as a little child he took his mother's hand and walked with her to church, why there is a good Protestant day of judgment coming which will no doubt purify as by fire the touch of that mother's hand. Some of the city papers and many of the country papers, will please take a note of this fact. Mr. Blaine is not a Catholic, but a straight-out, New England, orthodox Congregationalist.

A Good Work in One County.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I find the WEEKLY BLADE the most interesting of the seven papers I am taking. I like it for its politics and for its crusade on rum. I stood for the Union and for the preservation of our general government during the war; and since the war it supports the party that saved the Union, and at the same time wages a general warfare against rum, a worse enemy to the human family than the war of the rebellion.

In the southern part of Illinois is Hamilton County, and here we are gaining ground from this common enemy. We have succeeded in putting the foe to flight, have not a saloon in the County, and we hope to maintain our position till we get a general prohibition law in the State. Not even are our drug stores permitted to sell intoxicants for medicinal purposes, and strange as it may seem the lives of our people are just as secure as before, and health remarkably good. Since the saloons have been given the grand bounce, the lawyers, to keep their children from crying for bread, have gone into other occupations, for we have but little litigation.

Churches and Sunday-schools flourish without obstruction, and our people are turning their attention to general improvements as they never did before. We have two railroads now and immigrants are coming from Michigan, Ohio and Indiana and buying our cheap lands, are going into stock and fruit raising, and this part of Egypt is beginning to blossom as the rose. We are for Temperance, the BLADE, and Blaine and Logan. JOHN C. HALL.

McLeansboro, Ill., June 11, 1884.

Information Concerning Eastern Virginia.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

DEAR SIR.—We see from time to time some of the readers of the BLADE wanting to know who can tell something about the South. As I have been here three years, probably I can tell something that would be of interest to such readers. First, as to land, there are three things that can be said about it—one against it and two in its favor. First, it is poor; that much can be said about it on the one hand. On the other two, land is cheap and easy to improve. Land can be bought for from 50 cents up to almost any price. It is not a land flowing with milk and honey, but a land which improves quicker than any land I ever saw, having a splendid subsoil. The climate, generally speaking, is mild and salubrious. A Yankee physician living here says it is the healthiest country he has ever been in.

As to the people, they are kind and honest. When we say honest we only speak of the majority of them, they are certainly very hospitable. More might be said, but enough has been given. H. R. S.

Goodalls Hanover Co., Va.

Where are the Wise Ones?

To the Editor of the Blade:

I was somewhat amused by the letter of A. C. in the BLADE of March 27th. His conceit is wonderful; he seems to think that all the "wise ones" are in the Republican party; that all outside are idiots. Does he know that bunkbast and abuse are not argument, but rather betray the weakness of a cause, or of its advocate? I doubt not that thousands who have read Mr. Hasting's letter, and A company will differ with him as to who is the idiot and who if the gentleman. I would even modestly presume, that that there may be as wise, intelligent and conscientious men in the "Third Party" as A. C. Mr. Locke in his review of Prohibition in Maine, speaks of the Hon. Neal Dow, a Third party leader, as a man of thought and power, a "genial gentleman" thoroughly earnest and practical; yet he is dwarfed into idiotic insignificance by this intelectual giant. He would have every one "scourged that attempts in any way to interfere with the Republican Party." I thought this was a free country, that individuals had the right to interfere with any party, when they deemed its administration inimical to the welfare of the people. With prophetic solemnity he tells us that if the Democracy goes into power Prohibition will be buried too deep for resurrection.

"Nasby in the South"—perhaps nearly A. C.'s equal in forecast and wisdom, says that Democratic Georgia is well nigh under the rule of prohibition; that Democratic North Carolina, Arkansas, Tennessee and other States are following close in the wake. In fact, it is safe to say the South, though a stronghold of Democracy, is to-day taking the lead in Prohibitory Legislation. I know in many Northern States the Republican party has aided prohibition. In some it has battled nobly for it, while in others it has opposed it. In Michigan, under Democratic rule, we had a prohibitory law and prohibitory amendment. The Republican party, with a majority of 20,000, enough to have pushed any desired reform to a glorious success, repealed the law, struck out the amendment, and gave the State into the hands of the "rum power," with a driveling whisky tax law. On the other hand, while in some of the Southern States Democracy is lopping off the hydra heads of the "rum power," in most of the Northern States it is its first ally. My desire is, that both parties throughout the nation come out square for Prohibition, and then I know that whichever wins the Rum Power is doomed. I am willing the Republican party should revel in the glory of its achievements. Its good deeds are on record. But I do not forget that parties, like individuals, sometimes live to undo or counterbalance with evil all their good. I hope this will not be said of the Republican party, and I feel certain if a half dozen more of its leading journals would come out as the BLADE has for Prohibition, that the party, like good King Hezekiah, though "sick unto death," would take a new lease of life, and again battle for the right. But I am afraid that even the BLADE will sooner or later have to admit that the Republican party, like the "mill of the gods," grinds slow—too slow to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

N. B. C. WHIPPLE.

Florence, Montana.

A Voice from Tennessee.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The gratifying intelligence has reached us here, on Walden's Ridge, in East Tennessee, that the "Plumed Knight" and the "War Eagle" are to be our standard bearers in the battle against the old enemy of our country—the Democratic party. We "Yanks" rejoice in the victory of the people in the choice of representative Republicans to lead us to victory. We are here from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas and other Northern States, nearly all of us were here during the dark days of 1864, fighting, with our muskets, the same old party of slavery, disunion and pure cussedness. Our prayers go up to the God of Battles for a glorious victory in November. Of course our votes will not count, but we intend to vote "allee samee." If there is one thing more than another which thoroughly disgusts a true Republican it is the fact that there exists a set of political idiots of the George William Curtis stamp who come to the surface during every Presidential campaign and assert that they will not support the ticket. The Republican party has been cursed by them until their very existence has become a political nuisance. They are entirely too pure for this wicked world and with the old fraud, Tilden, should subjoin I to the will of God. This course of the BLADE in showing up these apes of English snobbery in their true light is to be commended. If the Republican National Committee could "swap" several thousand such political "damphools" in the North for a like number of level-headed Republicans in this section there would be no doubtful Northern States. Pretended Republicans like George William Curtis refuse to support James G. Blaine and give their aid to a party that cannot possibly elect a President without resorting to intimidation and bloodshed. The Democratic party has no more show of electing a President by a fair vote of the legal voters of all the States than it has of getting to heaven; and yet we find men who claim to be Republicans, lending assistance to this party, whose only hope of success is over the dead bodies of American citizens. Is it not time that this disgusting business cease? There is no political consistency in such a course. In spite of such political asses, Blaine and Logan will be triumphantly elected, and then let the Republican party serve notice on these political traitors that their valuable (?) services can be dispensed with in the next National Convention. If we old soldiers down here cannot help elect a President, we have lots of "lip" and can keep up a terrible racket. The "boys" here are busy damning the Curtis gang just as they used to damn the copperheads of the North, while we were at Chicamauga with "Pap" Thomas.

You won't find the boys who wore the blue going back on Blaine and Logan, neither will you find the civilians who lent aid and comfort to the Government in its hour of trial too pure to vote the Republican ticket. The men who were Republicans when it cost something to be a Republican are in the ranks yet, and if their man is not nominated, they swallow defeat, roll up their sleeves, spit on their hands, and go in to win. No kid-gloved, paper-collar "culcher" about such Republicanism. Pulverize the Curtis gang. YANK.

RECENT LITERATURE.

From Brown, Eager & Co.

PROSE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Edited by Parke Godwin. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Two elegant volumes, just issued by the Appletons, close the series of the complete published works of William Cullen Bryant. Few men have done so large an amount of work in the varied departments of literature, and done it so well, as Mr. Bryant. The world knows him chiefly as a poet, but he was a charming and forcible writer of prose, as these handsome pages amply testify. The first of the two volumes is made up of "Literary Essays," "Narratives" and "Commemorative Discourses." The second contains "Sketches of Travel," "Occasional Addresses" and "Editorial Comment and Criticism." The manner in which these as well as the preceding volumes of the series, which consists of six volumes, are brought out, is thoroughly in keeping with the character of the ir contents.

OUR BUSINESS BOYS. By Rev. E. E. Clarke. Published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston. Price 60 cents.

The author of this little book is a clergyman in Portland, who seeing how many boys are entering stores and counting-rooms instead of learning trades or remaining on farms, took the pains to write to nearly a hundred business men of that City for the purpose of assertaining their respective opinions touching the qualifications necessary in a young man to command success. The result is given in this volume.

THE CONVENTIONAL LIES OF CIVILIZATION. By Max Nordau. Published by L. Schick, Chicago.

This is a series of essays by an Austrian author on the social, economic and political frauds of that country, and, the publisher thinks, of all other countries as well. The subjects discussed are "Religion," "Monarchy," "Aristocracy," "Politics" and "Matrimony." The author is violently infidel, and describes religion as "a functional weakness, caused by the imperfectness of our organ of thought."

TOXOLOGY: A BOOK FOR EVERY WOMAN. By Alice B Stockham, M. D. Published by Sanitary Pub. Co., Chicago.

The author has got into the 300 pages of this volume the quintessence of social science. Since the publication of Carlisle's "Every Woman's Book," no work has appeared that has aroused the reform in reproduction which this publication has done. The work contains no sentimentality but abounds with plain, pointed, stern facts, which in ignorance of, no woman can enter the marriage compact and enjoy the acme of happiness which that relation affords.

PRINCESS NAPRAXINE. A Novel, by Ouida. Published by J. B. Lippencott, Philadelphia.

The name of the author of this story is sufficient to tell about what may be expected. The lovers of highly wrought fiction will here find what they like; for none can exceed "Ouida," in that line.

NEW MUSIC. The following 10 pieces of new music have sent us by the publishers, Oliver Ditson and Company, Boston.

1. For Love's Sweet Sake. (30 cts.) Song by Edith McAllister; 2, 3, and 4, three numbers of the "Sweet Home Set," a collection of 32 popular melodies for piano, arranged by Maylath. They are printed in couples, costing (25 cts.) each. These three numbers include: Lover and Bird; Sing Sweet Bird; Twickenham Ferry; All on Account of Eliza; The Palms; and the Kerry Dance. 5. Tutto Ritorna, Everything comes back. (30 cts.) Italian English Song by Marchesi. 6. Orange Blossoms Waltzes, (50 cts.) by Ludovic; 7. Cupid's Frolic March. (30 cts.) by Florence Deane; 8. Electric March for Banjo, (25 cts.) by Burke; 9. Exaltation, (35 cts.) by F. H. Brackett; 10. Beneath the Lilies. (25 cts.) Song by F. S. Hopkins.

PRACTICAL ESSAYS. By Alexander Bain, L. L. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

As the author states in his preface, these essays have no connection with each other except what is due to the work of the binder. The first two are an application of the laws of mind to some prevailing errors. The third and fourth have a bearing on education, including the controversy concerning the utility of the classics. The fifth considers the range of philosophical study. The sixth is a retrospect of the growth of universities, especially in Scotland. The seventh is a chapter omitted from the author's work on "The Science of Education." The eighth contends for the extension of the liberty of thought, as regards sectarian creeds; and the ninth and last discusses the procedure of legislative bodies. The essays are intensely practical, and are full of profound and original observation.

GOVERNMENT REVENUE. Especially the American System; An Argument for Industrial Freedom Against the Fallacies of Free Trade. By Ellis H. Roberts. $1.50. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This volume is made up of a course of lectures delivered by Hon. Ellis H. Roberts at Cornell University and is an important contribution to economic science. The argument in favor of protection has not been presented in a dogmatic way, as a logical and necessary deduction from ingenious theories assumed by book-writers to be of universal application. The conclusions have been based upon the actual experience of nations, and especially of the American people. Mr. Roberts appeals constantly to the fundamental facts of economic experience, and leaves the theories to shift for themselves. It is well worth careful study.

THE EVOLUTION OF A LIFE DESCRIBED in the Memoirs of Major Seth England. Published by S. W. Green's Son, New York.

This book is chatty, gossipy, and brightly written. The author has an interesting story to tell, and it may truly be said that few of this Summer's books of fiction hold the reader's attention and interest so closely. Perhaps half of the volume is devoted to a graphic and vivid story of the events of the war as seen by the author. Camp-life before Washington, Patterson's abortive campaign, the events of the siege of Richmond, the battles of Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, are described from what may be called a personal point of view, with little attempt at elaborate historical or military detail.

RECENT LITERATURE—THE CENTURY.

The *Century* for July contains a remarkable contribution to United States history in "The Ku Klux Klan: Its Origin, Growth and Disbandonment," by Rev. D. L. Wilson, of Pulaski, Tenn., who vouches for his facts. This paper also furnishes the text for the leading editorial, in "Topics of the Time." The frontispiece is an engraving from a full-length photograph of John Bright, accompanying a careful and discriminating estimate, by T. H. S. Escott, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Other articles are "The Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances," by Julian Hawthorne, illustrated by Henry Fenn, and "Academical Degrees, especially Honorary Degrees in the United States." Eugene V. Smalley has a brief but comprehensive and popular account of the workings of the United States Patent Office.

THE ATLANTIC.

The July number opens with a short story by W. H. Bishop. Dr. Mitchell's excellent serial, "In War Times," progresses satisfactorily. Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi describes "The Haunts of Galileo." The classic article is by Wm. C. Lawton, "The Underworld in Homer, Virgil and Dante." O. H. Durward contributes a striking story, "Heaven by a Grisour." "A Cook's Tourist in Spain" contributes the first two papers of travel. "The Growing Power of Chili" describes succinctly the growth and audacious pluck of the South American Yankee State. A. F. Matthews writes of "Chimes, and How They Are Rung." There are poems by Mr. Aldrich and Eliot C. True, a full chapter of reviews of new books, and seven brief essays in the Contributors' Club.

MAGAZINE OF ART.

The frontispiece of the July number of the *Magazine of Art* is a striking engraving of "The Gladiator's Wife," from a painting by E. Blair Leighton. Other full-page pictures are "The Herring Fishery," by W. L. Wylie; "The Tempter," by T. E. Gaisser; "The Bridge at Gretz," "Fontainebleau," and "The Declaration of War," by James D. Linton. The number is equal to any of its predecessors both in the wealth of its illustrations and in the excellence of its literary contents.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The *St. Nicholas* for July opens with "How the Tories Broke Up Meeting," by Emma W. Demerritt, a spirited sketch of Revolutionary times. "A Fourth of July Among the Indians," by W. P. Hooper, tells of a very modern celebration of our National holiday, on the plains, by a large company of the Nation's wards. An interesting contribution is the story of Richard Lord Jones, "The Youngest Soldier of the Revolution," by W. W. Crannell; it is accompanied by a fac simile engraving of a three dollar bill presented to the hero by Mrs. Martha Washington. Of the serials, J. T. Trowbridge's, "The Scarlet Tanager," ends with an interesting denouement, and "Marvin and His Boy Hunters" pass through many interesting adventures. The number abounds in pictures.

WIDE AWAKE.

The July number contains a beautiful poem by Hannah R. Hudson, entitled "Grandmother's Picture." Other articles are "The Washingtons' English Home;" "An Argentine Independence Day;" "My Suit of Homespun," is written by Jennie S. Judson: "Mollie Crowde's Ride," by Francis A. Humphrey; "An International Episode;" Mrs. Bolton's "Little Biography" of Thomas Edison, "The Patriarch of Norrisbrook," from the pen of Arthur Gilman; the serial, "Masks Off!" There is, to balance this abundance of fascinating, realistic literature, contributions of a lighter sort; Mr. Brooks' Wonder Story, "In No-Man's Land," the pictorial, five-page Æsop's fable, "The Lark and Her Young Ones," poems by M. E. B., Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Butts, M. E. Wilkins, Bessie Chandler and others.

Poisoned.

Thousands of persons are poisoned in America by the continued use of Mercury, Iodide of Potassium and other minerals, for various diseases. The Mercury works its way into the tissues, producing rheumatism and decay of the bones. The Iodide of Potassium eats away the coating of the stomach, and dries up the gastric juices which digest the food, and the patient lingers along in agony or is glad to die to get away from misery. Swift's Specific is a complete antidote to all this poison. It eliminates Mercury from the system, removes the evil effects of Iodide of Potassium, and brings back health and happiness. Send your address for a copy of Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

"Crow, You Idiot."

"What sort of bill of fare shall I get up for convention week?" asked a Chicago hotel steward of the manager.

"Well, it's pretty hard telling just what will suit the Democratic delegates best. I guess you better give them plenty of salt fish before the nomination."

"And what after it?"

"Why the usual game dinner and supper, of course."

"What's that?"

"Why, crow, you idiot."

"As Good as New,"

are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, leucorrhœa, inflammation, etc., etc. She began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

THE FATE OF THE EARLY WORM.

Bardette's Alarm-Clock Tries to Wake Him.

It was the witching hour of 4:30 A. M. A witching hour for sleep. The thrifty Alarm Clock on the mantel lifted its cheery voice and bade the Sluggard rouse him from his lazy couch. The Sluggard, who was making about 15 knots of solid sleep with both bow ports wide open, merely shut off his busy snore long enough to say:

"Cheese that untimely racket!"

And straightway went to sleep again. But the thrifty Alarm-Clock shrank never from its duty. It cried aloud:

"How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?"

"Read the tenth verse of the same chapter

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

GENERAL ETIQUET

XXXIII.

Very many letters of inquiry have come to me from time to time regarding certain points in matters of etiquet. Many of them I have not answered when received because I knew that they would be taken up in the regular series. Others still had been already treated of and space could not be allowed for repetition. As the number that can be replied to is gradually increasing I will endeavor to satisfy a few questioners this week.

Will you tell if it is proper for children to thank their parents, or those who wait upon them at the table, for each article of food given them. I think it unnecessary; but as a friend of culture disagrees with me, I would like to have some else's opinion on it. —R. F., Farnsworth, Kas.

It is very necessary to have children form the habit of accepting any attention or favor, no matter how small, courteously, and therefore there is more danger of requiring too little of them in the way of politeness than too much. It is not, however, a necessity to say "thank you" for every article of food passed at the beginning of a meal to all at the table. If, during its progress, they call for something to satisfy an individual want, they should certainly be required to acknowledge its supply. They should also be taught to make the request quietly and politely. "Will you please hand me some bread," is a great deal more pleasant and proper than "I want some bread," and yet I have heard children in respectable families shout out their wants in just such an uncouth way. The table manners of a person stamp him at once as a gentleman or a boor, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that children be well taught, so that to behave politely at their meals may become second nature.

Will you please settle, in my mind, a much vexed question? You know in good, old anti-bellum days it was customary for children to call grown people as "uncle" and "aunt," but such terms are considered out of place now, unless it is an old family servant. If a strange colored man comes to your place on business—your husband being trustee—you see him quite often, you meet him out, and with hat in hand, he bids you "Good morning, Mrs. Jones," would it be a lack of good breeding to call him "Ed," as Smith, or Mr. Smith? If you wanted to address a strange black man on business, how must it be done? For instance if Mr. Locke, or Nasby, had occasion to write to Douglass or Bruce, would they put it Bruce (colored) and Douglass (colored), or just as if they were writing to any one else? Please answer me satisfactorily on this subject, as it is an embarrassing one.—ISADORE.

The manner of addressing servants and inferiors is quite important and puzzling, especially in this country, where offence at what is esteemed disrespectful is so readily taken. Men servants are usually addressed by their last names without any prefix, unless they have been in the family a long time, and then the first name may be used. In the case of the colored man mentioned above, if he is not "Isadore's" servant, it would be entirely proper for her to address him as Mr. Smith. It adds to his self-respect without diminishing the distance to be maintained between them as individuals in different conditions of life. Certainly, under the circumstances she mentions, "Ed" would be out of place. There would be no objections to using simply "Smith."

In addressing a strange black man on business, one would be governed by the position, education, etc., of the man himself. Fred. Douglass or ex-Sen. Bruce, or any other colored person of culture and respectability should be addressed by letter precisely as if they were white, with no sort of addition to show that they were not so. In fact any colored person should be so treated when written to upon a matter of business, unless it is a servant, when the whole name should be used without prefix as "Robert Johnson."

1. When a gentleman has escorted a lady home from an entertainment or from a riding party and she thanks him for his trouble and gives expression of her enjoyment of the evening, in what manner should he reply?

2. Would it be consistent with good taste for a gentleman to ask the company of a young lady upon his having just received an introduction (by a friend of hers) or upon only a short acquaintance?

3. In introducing a lady to a gentleman, which should be named first?

1. He might say that the pleasure was reciprocal, and that he was honored by her acceptance of his invitation.

2. It would most certainly not be good taste to ask a young lady for her company—if by that you mean the exclusive right to her society—immediately after receiving an introduction, but on the contrary decidedly presumptuous. Wait until you know whether she finds your casual acquaintanceship agreeable.

3. The gentleman should be introduced *to* the lady and not the lady to the gentleman. His name should therefore be spoken first.

Will Miss Bouton please inform me of the proper way to introduce a lady friend to a company of gentlemen and ladies? Should I first introduce her to the ladies and then gentlemen or vice versa? Or if a gentleman, the proper way, all being young people?—LITTLE NELL.

If you are going to introduce either a lady or gentleman to each individual of a company, take them as they chance to be sitting whether lady or gentleman. If they are scattered in small groups around the room and you take your friend from one group to the other, introduce her to the ladies of each separate one first and the gentlemen afterwards. Of course the general etiquet of introductions is to introduce to the ladies first, when it can be done without awkwardness or too apparent an effort.

Let me state my case briefly, then will the kind editor give me some advice? Not long ago I was visiting a dear friend in a strange neighborhood. I had been there about a week, when I went to singing school with the lady and her husband. The singing teacher was smart, good-looking and a single man, but was a stranger to me, and my friend never introduced us. He knew what my name was and that I was visiting there, and I knew what his name was. Was it wrong for him to talk to me without an introduction? A few days after this I happened to be in this company for several hours, and that night I went to singing school again with my friend and the teacher asked to escort me home. Now, 1st, was it wrong for him to ask to escort me home, and was it wrong for me to accept his escort? 2. Ought he to offer me his arm? 3. He asked me for my company while I stand at my friend's. Was it wrong for me to accept it? Was it wrong for him to offer to write to me when I returned home, being acquainted about 10 days? My friend says that I did wrong in going with him and it has caused hard feelings between us. Am I to blame?—LENA WALLA.

Either your friend was very remiss in not introducing the gentleman to you if he joined your group as you say, or she had some very good reason for not doing so. Whether it was out of place for him to talk to you without an introduction depends entirely upon his relations with your friends. If upon pleasant terms with them, and the omission of the ceremony was evidently thoughtless, there was no harm. If otherwise, it might be looked upon as an impertinence. Judging from the fact that your friend thinks you wrong in accepting the attentions of this stranger, she must have some good reason for believing him not a desirable acquaintance for you. The answers to the other questions all hinge upon this one thing. Certainly it was not proper for you to receive marked attention from one who was a stranger to you, and who was distasteful to the friends whose hospitalities you were enjoying. If you accepted his company home from singing school—which you ought not to have done without your friend's consent, being her guest and having accompanied her thither—it was certainly etiquet for him to offer you his arm.

One word I would add. Whether you consider your friend prejudiced or not, you would do well to be cautious before accepting decided attentions from any stranger of whom a dear friend disapproves. If you are not you may have life-long reason for regret.

1. Is it etiquet for a lady to call upon a lady without being invited? If in the habit of calling, and then the invitations cease, should the gentleman make more than one call without one?—KANSAS BOY.

1. If a gentleman desires to call upon a lady, it is proper to ask her permission to do so, but he should not go without this formality unless invited by herself or some authorized friend.

2. It would depend entirely upon the way in which the gentleman is treated whether he should continue his calls. If the invitations cease because his visits are considered a matter of course, it should make no difference. If he has any doubt about the matter, however, it would be well to stay away until he finds out what the omission means. If he is still welcome, the lady will be likely to express some surprise when she meets him at the continued omission of his calls, which will make his future way clear to him. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Window Curtains.—A very inexpensive and yet pretty drapery for windows can be made as follows: Materials for two good-sized windows, 10 or 12 yards of cheesecloth or scrym and two yards of cretonne; two yards of broad lace insertion and about 12 yards of wide lace edging, sufficient, anyway, to go down the inside edges of the curtain. In buying the cretonne, be sure and get bright colors and a pretty pattern, or you may get two pieces of different patterns, a yard of each and the colors harmonizing. Cut each yard into four strips lengthwise. Now take one strip of each kind of cretonne and stitch the lace insertion between them. Then stitch this across the top of one of the widths of cheesecloth. Finish the other in the same way. Hem up the bottom about 10 inches deep.—Lay the lace for the edge flat on the right side of the curtain an inch from the edge with the straight side toward the selvedge. Stitch it on, fold down the hem on the wrong side and sew it with long stitches.

Now to hang the curtains after they are done. Of course the poles and rings can be bought, but suppose you do not feel able to pay for them, the next thing is to manufacture them for yourself. If you have old brooms the handles can be utilized for this purpose, or you can have some turned for you at the carpenter's shop.

Sandpaper them off, paint them black, get some knobs for the ends at a hardware store, and two large hooks for each window. Get also some iron martingale rings that will slip easily over the poles. Cover these with a crocheting of scarlet zephyr. Sew these at equal distances along the top of your curtains, slip the poles through, screw the knobs on and hang them on the hooks. The curtains should only reach to the floor, and should be looped back a little below the middle of the window and not at the window sill as they used to be. They can be tied back with broad ribbon of some color harmonizing with the cretonne.

These curtains are pretty for the parlor of a cottage or for the bedroom of a more pretentious mansion.

To Decorate Chairs.—Many of the HOUSEHOLD may have old chairs with worn out seats and backs. These can be made as good as new and quite ornamental in a room. First paint the frame in any color desired. Cut an exact pattern of the size of the seat of the chair, and then a pattern for the back. Cut out of common brown holland two pieces, each of these sizes, of course not forgetting to allow a good margin for the trimmings. Two inches over this material lay your wadding with which you are going to pad it, and over that the second piece of holland. A strip two or three inches wide is required for the side and depth of the cushion. Pin this and the edges together to keep the wool in its place until you sew it on, and then tie the wadding through at intervals to form diamonds. Tack these strongly to the back and sides of the chair, and then put a plush or cretonne cover, tacking it down with two or three stitches at each place where the wadding is tied. It may be finished around the edges with a braid tacked down with brass headed nails, or a pretty fringe tacked on.

Painting Roses and Preserving Flowers. —A lady told some time ago of her ill success in painting a rose, and asked some one to write a chapter on roses. Now I am just a beginner, as she is, but make a rose look very well by shading it. If she will take the picture of a rose from a catalog, she will see where to shade. The same lady wanted to hear from any one who had learned painting from the lessons given in the BLADE. I have learned nearly all I know about it from those lessons, (thanks to Mrs. Thompson) have never seen any one handle a brush, and have painted several passable small pieces. I like the brush painting much better than the Kensington, and think it much easier. I failed in making the raised edge with pen, in outlining pond lillies, and had to content myself with an outline made with a fine brush.

As to those who have tried to preserve flowers with paraffine and failed, I would say try again. I made several complete failures, but I now have some lovely flowers for my pains. Heat the wax slowly, and when nearly all melted remove to the reservoir where it will remain warm, or better still if you have an oil stove, turn the lights almost out. Dip the stem, or the flower, shake well and lay on paper in a nice position. After you have dipped several, begin at the first and dip in flour and leaves quickly and place on paper again. Rose buds and half blown roses are beautiful. If the rose is very double, full blown ones look well too. Be very careful to have the wax just right, not too hot or too cold. I suppose you will have to learn that by experience, tho, as I did. Try it anyhow; the wax only costs about 25 cents per pound, and that will last you all Summer. I'm going to make a basket of wire and cover with bees-wax, colored with vermillion, and fill it with my natural wax flowers. Don't you all think that will be pretty? I do.—CLARISSA.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o' over.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ritbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s t, open shell stitch. t, treble.

Knitted Fringe.—A handsome and easily-worked fringe for the decoration of furniture, and allied uses, may be acceptable to many readers. It is made of double zephyr wool. The band at the top may be knitted with black and the fringe portion of various colors arranged to suit individual tastes, or the special article to which the fringe is applied. A good plan is to run regularly through half a dozen different shades of the same color before changing. The wool for the fringe portion should be cut into lengths of nine or 10 inches, or according to the depth desired.

With the black or other selected color, and No. 16 or 17 needles, cast on nine stitches and knit across plain.

On the second row knit 2 plain, then insert one of the lengths of fringe between the two needles, one-half of it being in front of the work and the other half behind it. Now knit 2 more plain stitches, and bring the lower half of the fringe between the needles to the front. Knit 2 more plain stitches and put both ends of the fringe from the front to the back, passing them, of course, between the needles. Knit 2 more plain stitches and bring both ends of the fringe to the front again. Knit the last stitch plain. Knit back plain.

The fourth is knit exactly like the second, the second and third rows being repeated till the fringe is long enough.

Shoulder Cape.—I have just made a shoulder cape, so will send the directions while they are fresh in my mind.

First make chain 117 stitches, turn and commence at the third stitch in chain; put 3 treble stitches in next 3 in chain, then make chain of 3 and skip 3 in chain, put 3 treble in as before and so on to end of chain, then 3 chains and turn. There should be 19 rows of the treble and 18 of the chain to run in the ribbon. To shape the cape widen in the center of the treble stitches. Crochet 1 row of 3 treble stitches; 2 rows of 4 t s.; 2 rows of 5 t s.; 2 rows of 6 t s.; 3 rows of 7 t s.; 2 rows of 8 t s.; 3 rows of 9 t s.; 2 rows of 10 t s.; 2 rows of 11 t s.; 2 rows of 12 t s.; 3 rows of 13 t s.; 23 rows of 14 t s.

For fringe make chain of 30 stitches and loop it up in every stitch. Crochet a scolloped edge up the front and around the neck.—MRS. L., Ravenna, Ohio.

Correspondence.

WHAT SHE HAS DONE.—Have just finished reading several back numbers of the BLADE and feel a longing to be with you once again. I want to tell the BLADE readers about some of my fancy work and other things. I have received so many useful and helpful hints from the HOUSEHOLD Department, that I consider it only fair that I add my mite occasionally.

Last year I was the recipient of a great many lace and embroidery patterns in exchange for others that I sent, and one lady sent me some very beautiful darned net patterns. I have just got around to use them, and have made some lovely things. I wonder if any one else has tried using scarlet floss for darning. I have just finished two ties. They are made 1¼ yard in length and 8 inches in width, of fine blond of the best quality. The pattern is darned in "Turkey-red" floss, and the whole edged with very narrow lace edging. They are something a little different from everyone's else, you know. Then I have darned lots of edge for trimming aprons, fichus, etc. For this purpose use white linen floss. It is so much handsomer than cotton.

One lady, I have forgotten her address, but she lives somewhere in Michigan, sent me a beautiful pattern for underclothes, to be embroidered in South Kensington stitch. This is to be done in red. Then I am going to have darned net trimming, also in red, to go around the yokes. If some of those young ladies who have never done anything of this kind will try it, I am sure they will be pleased.

My sister and I made a rug last Winter. It took us several weeks to make it, and it was not a very agreeable task, but now it is done we do not grudge the time we spent on it. Similar rugs have been often described in the BLADE and other papers, but somehow they fail to give the impression I would like to convey. We took some coffee sacking, a piece about four feet long and three feet wide, and marked a handsome pattern on it. Then we proceeded to "fill-in" with woolen rags, using stout steel hooks. Much of the material was flannel. We had plenty of red and green, and a foundation of brown. As our brown was of various shades, we used a strip first of one shade and then another, and worked little tufts of red, green, blue, or other colors among it, so as to give a uniform appearance to the whole, and not have one side of the rug one shade and the other another. We used an almost incredible quantity of rags, and herein lies the secret of success in work of this kind. You must put rags in as thickly as possible, and they must need be so coarse else the good effect will be spoiled. They should be drawn through the canvas in loops about three-quarters of an inch long, as uniformly as possible. After all are drawn in, clip evenly all over, and if you are successful your work will be as handsome and almost as even as velvet, and so firm that the rags will stand up no matter how hard it is trodden. The working of rugs can scarcely be called a busy work. It is very tiresome to hold a large rug, and very hard on the hands, too. I protected mine with gloves as much as possible. It takes a good many pounds of rags, but there is the consolation of knowing that the garret is cleaned out, and the old dresses utilized. Little scraps not over two inches long can be used, and the rags are quite as good and more convenient without sewing.

I painted a handsome Japanese screen which I like better than the panels now so common. Took six pieces of pasteboard and covered one side of each smoothly with velvet, then put two together and covered the edges which were simply "whipped over" with gold tinsel cord. Fastened the three together "rail fence fashion," and painted golden rod, sumac and birds on them, using bright colors for the birds. This screen attracts a great deal of attention at the Art Exhibition where it was displayed. Instead of the painting other decorative art could be employed to beautify the velvet, but I prefer the painting. I too am one of the teachers, and am having rather a novel experience. Some of the teachers find difficulty in interesting their pupils, but I wonder what they would do with pupils that did not understand English! My pupils are all Norwegians but two, and those are Germans. I have just completed my fifth month here, and in that time have succeeded in teaching my pupils English, and have learned Norse myself, My pupils are very bright, very tractable and thoroly in earnest. I never have any difficulty in creating an interest. I use very few "helps," but consider them not necessary for successful teaching. Sometimes on Friday nights I give each child a little card; children always prize any such simple present from the teacher, and whatever tends to strengthen the bond of love between teacher and pupil, tends to strengthen the teacher's influence. But cards or any similar help must be used in a school-room with discretion.

My pupils at recess are quite anxious to teach me, and we get on nicely. They ask me the names of objects that they do not know in English, and when I have told them what it is they tell me the corresponding Norse word. I am careful to correct all incorrect expressions, and teach them how to pronounce plainly by showing the proper positions of the organ in making different sounds. They are improving fast, and many of them can speak quite fluently. —FANNIE T. BROADLY, Fossum, Minn.

Inquiries.

No one need send inquiries that require an answer from members of the HOUSEHOLD without sending an address by which the answers may be sent directly to them, as we cannot undertake to forward them.

Some one wants to know if the inquiries in this column are charged for. Most certainly not, but any sent that savor of advertising are excluded. We desire to insert only such as are of general interest to the BLADE readers.—ED.

Will "June," or any one who knows, please tell through the HOUSEHOLD how to manage to make roses so as to be sure to get them to bloom. Also how to care for the bulbs through the Winter.—MRS. HANDLEY.

Will some one tell me what is the best kind of canvas to paint on? Where can I get patterns to paint from? What kind of varnish is best for placques? Is it necessary for placques to be varnished? Will oil paintings on canvas do without varnish?—LUCY.

Something was said about the musical chart some time ago. Will it teach one how to play the major and minor scales correctly? I am learning music and find some difficulty in detecting the proper keys in descending. Of course I have no teacher, consequently I come to the BLADE. If the editor will allow I will sometime tell how our school was conducted during eating hours, or rather how it was conducted while eating dinner.—SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD where I can send for steel engravings, such as come in magazines? Please give me the address of some publishing house where I can obtain such engravings.—ALLA.

Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., and make this inquiry.—ED.

Will "Mrs. Homespun Comfort" please tell me through the columns of the BLADE whether alum is used to set all colors of diamond dyes? Will some one of the many readers of the BLADE please tell me what ingredients to use and in what proportions to make paint as near the color of walnut as possible. I do not mean walnut stain but paint to use on wood that has been painted a light color. Also how to make liquid gilding.—R. E. R.

Will some one furnish words suitable to be written in a Bible presented to a newly married pair, one of the party being your own daughter and oblige an old lady.—MRS. MULLEN, Anderson Co.

Such inscriptions should be as simple as possible. This might do:

To my beloved daughter and her husband this Bible is given with a mother's love, and the hope that it may be a guide and consolation thro all the days of the future which they are to pass together.

Date Name

I wish to ask the HOUSEHOLD how to mount oil chromos, to frame without a glass. I have a good many to frame, but do not like glass over them.

Tack them on a thin board or paste them. Try some of the small ones and see which way you like best.—ED.

Will some one tell me through the HOUSEHOLD where mountings to hair chains, pins, etc., can be obtained?—MRS. M. E. M. HICKOK, Canadice, N. Y.

Go to some good jeweler in your vicinity, where you can see samples and make your own selections. If there is none, wait until you visit some City, or can send by some one in whose taste and judgment you have confidence.—ED.

I would like to ask some musical authority how they sing the word "often." In speaking it of course the "t" is silent; but how can expression be given it with the "t" silent? For instance, in "The Bridge" occurs this line: "How often, oh how often." To me the word is exceedingly flat sung as we speak it. Can we not use the same liberty that poets have, in singing words to suit ourselves? Somebody explain, please. —FURIOSO.

First, in decorating a screen, how would you decorate one for parlor? In velvet panels what color velvet would be prettiest? Must both sides be the same color? What are decorated panels used for besides for screens?—MAY FLOWER.

Either with painting or embroidery. Some bright dark shade of red or blue would be pretty, depending somewhat on its ornamentation. Both sides need not be alike. Decorated panels are framed and hung as pictures.—ED.

Please tell me if using a fine tooth comb is injurious to the hair.

Unless used immoderately it is not, but a good brush is better for the scalp.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some two or three weeks since we received a small book with a very pretty letter accompanying it signed "Little One," Minneapolis, Minn. It was not a common book, but one most exquisitely carved out of pipe stone, showing that a good deal of labor had been expended upon it. It was sent, the donor said, in appreciation of our labors in the HOUSEHOLD. A letter of thanks was immediately dispatched, but as that does not seem to have been received, we take this occasion to express them publicly.—ED.

I have a choice relic, some of my grandmother's skillful handiwork. Her maiden name was Mary Adams, residence Turkey Hills, Conn. She was betrothed to Moses Buck who was at the time serving as Sergeant Major under Gen. Washington, she remaining at home preparing her bridal robes and articles for housekeeping. I will send you a piece of lace she manufactured from the flax, spun, doubled, twisted, bleached and made the lace. The piece I send is a part of the ruffle of her wedding apron.

I have wondered who among the many ladies of the HOUSEHOLD could do likewise. —M.E. DEWEY.

The sample sent is truly a beautiful piece of work, and though the cheapness of material does not require such work to be done now the skill and energy to produce anything of the kind is none the less admirable.—ED.

I answer to Mrs. L. whose babe sucks its thumb, rub turpentine on thumb; repeat it for a week and I think she will quit it.—LOVELLA.

Mrs. Jas. Shepherd, "Zula Zong" was written by J. P. Webster, music and words by C. M. Ballard, can be obtained at any music store I think.

"Westfield," have'nt you a musical instrument by which you can employ evening hours pleasantly? I use many of mine that way though not restricted as to light. Wish I could drop in and read a bit to you.

V. D. A. wants a sure cure for poisoning. Bathe the affected parts with Extract of Lobelia. It is sure cure with poison oak, called also poison ivy—the only poison we have here. I am told if the affection is of long standing, it is best to give a dose of salts internally, and bathe the parts with the lobelia.—G. B. J.

If "V. D. A." will try Petroleum Vaseline for child from poison ivy, he will find relief after a few applications. I being a great sufferer myself, have not found anything to equal it.—MRS. C. B. WARBINTON, Pickaway County, O.

In the BLADE of May 22, I see it stated that Miss Fairy G. Shafer, of Madisonburg, Pa., has pieced a quilt containing 9,918 pieces, likewise in that of June 12, a Mrs. Anna Fythe, of Newbury, W. Va., has pieced one containing 9,857. If you think she is the champion quilt maker of both States you are mistaken. Mrs. Blanchard, in Tyoga County, Pa., 72 years old, has pieced a quilt containing 10,978 pieces in it. —A LOVER OF INDUSTRY.

In answer to Laura Clements: If you will peel and slice good potatos, and fry in your rancid lard, you will find it sweet as new lard, and also find the potatos good for eating as those fried in fresh lard.—ALLER, Lockport, Lake Co., O.

If the person wishing a cure for poison ivy will get sugar of lead and make a weak solution and wash parts affected two or three times a day it will cure. I have seen it tried repeatedly with success.—M. A. FRENCH, Freeland, Ill.

Fort Lottie: No matter how much you doctor your in-growing nails, unless you change the make of your shoe—I have found—it will not do much good. You probably wear two or two and a half E or EE. Now get a half a number larger and letter D, it will make your foot a prettier shape.—SUSAN.

Tell Mrs. S. L. Carey that if she will dust her rose bushes with soot, and remove by hand all the green fluf of those little green insects, I think she will have no more trouble until another season.

Mrs. L., wash your flatirons in kerosene and then scour with sand paper, and they will be as good as new, and try tying your baby's hand up in something. I used a stocking, then a rag wound around the thumb and brought up around the wrist, and kept it well with camphor. That is the way I cured my baby, 18 months old, and I would pity him and make him think it was sore.—MRS. S. I.

Can the pamphlet upon "Fancy Work and House Decoration" still be obtained? I have just finished house cleaning and want to make some pretty things for decoration.—MRS. R. L, Lancaster, Pa.

You can get the pamphlet by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Recipes.

Boston Cream.—Put into a preserving-bottle 5 qts. of water and 4 lbs. of granulated sugar; let it come to a brisk boil; when cool add 4 ozs. of tartaric acid and 1 oz. or 2 tablespoonfuls of essence of lemon; when perfectly cold, stir in the whites of 6 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and bottle the mixture for use. Three tablespoonfuls of the cream is sufficient for a glass of water; add a small pinch of carbonate of soda to each to make it foam.—*Ed.*

Raspberry Vinegar.—Put the quantity of raspberries to be used in an earthen vessel and cover them with good cider vinegar; let them stand one night, then squeeze them in a stout cloth—a coarse kitchen towel answers admirably; to each pint of juice add 1 lb. of white sugar; let it boil five minutes after it comes to the boiling point (if boiled too long it is apt to jelly); skim, bottle and seal tightly.—B. Y.

Ginger Beer.—Take an ounce and a half of root ginger, bruise it, and put it in a preserving-bottle; add 3 lemons sliced, 1 handful of hops, and 2 qts. of cold water; let the mixture boil slowly for two hours. While it is boiling, put in a larger jar 3 lbs. of sugar, 1 oz. of cream of tartar, 10 qts. of lukewarm water, 1 cupful of yeast, and the whites of 3 eggs. Pour the hot liquid over this, and let it stand for a day before bottling; fasten the corks securely with strings. —MRS. M. S.

Fried Potatos.—Fry nice salt pork; take from spider; turn out most of the gravy; have your potatos pared and sliced rather thin; put into spider with gravy, and the least bit of hot water, cover, turn occasionally to prevent burning, brown nicely and serve hot.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Centennial Cake.—Two cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 4 cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 4 eggs; beat the eggs separately and add the whites the last thing. This may be baked in loaf or divided in 2 equal parts, after it is well stirred. To ¼ add 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, nutmeg, ginger and allspice. Bake the same as marble cake.—C. L.

Pickling Cucumbers.—Wash them and rub off the black prickles; pour over them a weak brine, boiling hot; let them stand one day, drain and cover with boiling vinegar; the next day put them in a crock with cinnamon, mustard, green peppers, a few pieces of horseradish and a few cloves, cover with pure cider vinegar, cold. The vinegar you pour on hot will do to use several times or as long as it remains sour.—MRS. H. L. COFFIN, Greenland, Minn.

HORFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATES
Beware of Imitations.
Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None genuine without it.

Our Young Folks.

A CHILD'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

They put her to bed in the darkness,
And bade her be quiet and good;
But she sobbed in the silence and trembled,
Though she tried to be brave as she could.

For the night was so real, so awful!
A mystery closing around,
Like the walls of a deep, deep dungeon,
That hid her from sight and sound.

So stifling, so empty, so dreary—
That horror of loneliness black!
She fell asleep, moaning and fearing
That morning would never come back.

A baby must bear its own sorrow,
Since none understands it aright—
But at last from her bosom was lifted
That terrible fear of the night.

One evening the hands that undressed her
Led her out of the door close by,
And bade her look up for a moment—
Up in the wonderful sky.

Where the planets and constellations,
Deep-rooted in darkness, grew
Like blossoms from black earth blooming,
All sparkling with silvery dew.

It seemed to bend down and meet her—
That luminous purple dome;
She was caught up in a glory,
Where her baby heart was at home;—

Like a child in its father's garden,
As glad as a child would be,
In the feeling of perfect protection
And limitless liberty.

And this has been all around her,
While she shuddered alone in bed!
The beautiful, grand revelation,
With ecstacy sweet she read.

And she sank into sound child-slumber,
All folded in splendors high,
All happy and soothed with blessings
Breathed out of the heart of the sky.

And in dreams her light, swift footsteps
Those infinite spaces trod—
A fearless little explorer
Of the paths that lead up to God.

The darkness now was no dungeon,
But a key unto wide release;
And the night was a vision of freedom—
A presence of heavenly peace.

And I doubt not that in like manner
Might vanish, as with a breath,
The gloom and the lonely terror
Of the mystery we call death.

THE COLONEL'S SNUFF-BOX.

A Story of Bengal.

BY DAVID KER.

"I'm surprised that you should still take snuff, Colonel Pearson, when the practice is so completely out of fashion."

"My dear madam, an old-fashioned custom just suits an old-fashioned fellow; and, besides, I should be ungrateful to give up a habit that once saved my life."

We all looked up, seeing that one of the good stories for which the Colonel was so famous was coming.

"You must really tell us that story, Colonel," said our hostess. "I'm sure it must be a good one."

The Colonel laughed. "I don't know that it's very much of a story, after all; but if you care to have it, here it is for you."

"A good many years ago, not long after I first came out to India, I was sent to do garrison duty in one of the wilder parts of northern Bengal. The place where we were stationed was the most out-of-the-way spot you can imagine. In front, a range of high rocky hills; at the back, far as eye could reach, a great mass of dark green jungle, thick and close as a bramble hedge. There wasn't a white face within 40 miles, except my own, and that, with clear sun and the mosquitoes, was not very white either. Altogether I was a kind of Eastern Robinson Crusoe, with an outpost station in place of a desert island, and 30 or 40 Man Fridays instead of one.

"You would have thought this was the very last place where one could expect to meet a friend; but I had not been there a week when a man came up through the jungle whom I had not seen since we were at school together in England. So of course I gave him a share of my tent, and made him welcome to stay as long as he liked.

"Now I should tell you that among the presents that I had received on leaving England was a gold snuff-box given me by an old uncle of mine, who had commanded a cruiser in the Eastern seas, and was especially interested in everything East Indian. It was from him that I first learned to take snuff myself which he said would be better for me than smoking. I valued the box, too, knowing how fond of it the old gentleman was, and what a wrench it must have been for him to part with it.

"One day, after a long march, we had turned in early, being rather tired. My friend was soon asleep, but I, tired though I was, could not go to sleep anyhow. The more I closed my eyes and tried to doze off, the more wide awake I was, and as restless as I could be. At last I could stand it no longer, and determined to try whether a pinch or two of snuff would steady my nerves a bit.

"I had just got out the box which was under my pillow, when there was a rustle outside the tent, as if somebody had brushed against it in passing. The next moment the loose flap of canvas that hung over the doorway was pushed aside, and in came, not three feet from where I lay, the great yellow head, fiery eyes, and long white teeth of the biggest tiger I had ever seen in my life.

"I think it was one of Napoleon's old Generals who used to say: 'It is only a coward who says he has never been frightened.' I don't mind confessing that I was frightened that time, and very badly frightened, too. The guns were all beyond my reach and I knew well the first movement I made would bring the beast upon me.

"Just then a thought struck me. I saw that, after the darkness outside, the glare of the light I had kept burning dazzled Mr. Tiger, who was winking and blinking like a man just aroused from a nap. Before he had time to make a spring I flung all the snuff right in his face.

"You should have heard what a noise he made! It wasn't a roar, or a scream, or a howl, or a sneeze, but all four put together, loud enough to wake up the whole country. Away he went dashing and crashing down the hill, sending the stones and gravel flying like hail, and sneezing and coughing at every jump. And then flash, flash, crack, crack went the rifles and matchlocks of our men below, to whom the chance of shooting a tiger was like a half-holiday to a schoolboy. I could hear him still running, however, and thought he had got off; but the next morning we found him lying dead at the edge of the jungle a quarter of a mile away with three bullets in his body."

There was a pause when the Colonel ended, broken at length by our hostess:

"But really, now, Colonel, aren't you making fun of us? Could a pinch of snuff really drive away one of those terrible tigers?"

"Well," said the Colonel, smiling slyly, "if you don't believe it, ask this gentleman opposite me, who was my tent companion that night."

"Dr. G——," echoed the whole company, amazed.

"Just so," said the missionary, with a hearty laugh; "and Dr. G—— wished himself anywhere else, I can assure you. But as I was much the fatter man of the two, it's perhaps just as well for me that the Colonel was so handy with his snuff-box."—*Harper's Young People.*

A YOUNG PATRIOT.

Richard Lord Jones was born at Colchester, Conn., May 13, 1767. He enlisted at Hartford, for the term of three years, in Capt. James Watson's company of the third Connecticut Regiment, commanded by Col. Samuel B. Webb, the father of the venerable Gen. James Watson Webb, and was the youngest enlisted person on the pay-roll of the Army of the Revolution. He was immediately placed under the charge of Bandmaster Ballentine, and instructed to play the fife.

The regiment was at one time engaged in an enterprise having in view the destruction of a large quantity of lumber on Long Island. But the Colonel and a number of men, among whom was Richard, were captured while returning, after a successful expedition, by the British sloop of war "Falcon," and taken to Newport.

Upon the arrival of the prisoners at Newport, they were taken before a British officer for examination. The Colonel, being called forward, was followed by Dick, who was anxious to learn what his own fate was to be. The British officer, noticing the little fellow at the heels of his Colonel, sternly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am one of King Hancock's men," answered Dick, straightening himself proudly.

"What can *you* do for him?" asked the officer, with a smile, and so strong an emphasis on the "you" that Dick answered defiantly:

"I can fight for him."

"Can you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick promptly, and then added, after a little hesitation, "if he is not much bigger than I."

The officer called forward the boatswain's boy, who had been curiously looking on; then turning to the young Continental, asked:

"Dare you fight him?"

Dick gave the Briton, who was considerably larger than he, a hasty survey, and then answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Then strip," said the officer, and turning to the British lad, "strip, and do battle for King George."

Both boys divested themselves of all superfluous clothing as rapidly as possible, and went to work at once, and in dire earnest. It was a "rough and tumble" fight; first one was on top and then the other, cheered in turn by cries of, "Give it to him, King Hancock!" and "Hurrah for King George!"

It was a memorable encounter for both contestants, but at last the courageous little rebel got the better of his adversary. The young Briton shouted "enough" and was rescued from the embrace of his furious antagonist.

With a generosity natural to great minds, but seldom displayed during the War of Independence, the British officer ordered the discharge of our young hero, for his pluck, and he was set at liberty.—*St. Nicholas.*

A TRICK ON A SPIDER.

A great many years ago, a prisoner of state, who was allowed to cheer the solitude of his dungeon by playing on his flute, discovered after a while that, every time he played, a great number of spiders gathered about him. Since then, the liking of spiders for music has been proved. I myself had often wished to play for a spider audience, but I was not well enough acquainted with any musical instrument to coax a tune out of it.

A scientific gentleman of Europe gave me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. Now I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. I procured a tuning-fork, and then sought out a spider. I found a handsome, brand-new web, and though I did not see Mistress Epeira, I knew she must be at home. *Epeira diadema* is her full name, though most persons call her a garden spider. It is she who makes those beautiful, wheel-like webs which festoon the rose-bushes and trees.

As I have said, Madame Spider was not visible. I knew, however, she must be in her gossamer parlor, which is attached to her web.

Here was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I rapped the fork on a stone, and in a moment a soft, melodious hum filled the air. I touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. On the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, hesitated a moment at the outer edge of the web, and then, instead of going straight to the tuning fork, ran to the very center of the web.

When there, she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes one after the other, and gave it a little tug, as a boy does his fishing-line to see if a fish is hooked. Each was passed by until she came upon the spoke upon which the humming fork rested. There she stopped, and it was easy to see she was excited. She gave the whole web a shake; then tugged at the spoke again. "Hum-m-m-m" still sang the fork, rather faintly now, however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was made up. Down she darted and caught the end of the fork in her arms. She tried to bite into the hard metal, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which by this time had ceased vibrating.

I pulled gently away, and Madame Epeira retired in disappointment to the center of the room. But if she was disappointed, so was I, for I was satisfied that it was not the music of the fork that had attracted her. Unfortunately, it was altogether too improbable that she mistook the hum of the fork for the buzz of a fly,—a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

Time after time I repeated the experiment with the fork, touching in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame Spider was deluded into trying to capture the tuning-fork. It was odd that she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointment.—*St. Nicholas for June.*

MRS. BROWN'S RAG-BAG.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

Tommy Brown sat on the doorstep thinking. It was almost Fourth of July, and he had only a few cents in his pocket. How was he to get enough to buy the fire-crackers he wanted?

In the little village where he lived boys never had much money to spend, but they all wanted at least two packs of fire-crackers apiece on Fourth of July. Tommy had 10 cents of the needed amount, and where was he to get it?

Presently Sam Town went by the gate whistling, with a bag on his arm.

"Hullo, Sam! Where are you going?" called out Tommy.

"Down to Given's store to sell rags

The Farm.

Melliot, Melilotus Alba.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

It seems that that valuable plant Melliot, Melilotus Alba, has received but little attention from the farmers of this country until recently. Early in the Fall this plant may be seen putting in its appearance for the Winter, attaining the height of several inches by January, if left unmolested. In this climate it is the only green plant to act as food for stock during our severe Winters. It furnishes an early Spring hay cutting, and after cutting there is always a sufficiency left to voluntarily replant the place, yet to keep a good stand it should be replanted once in about three years. Even in poor spots it frequently reaches the height of 12 feet. Its branches spread in every direction from the main stem, like the cotton-plant, in pyramidal form, the shortest branches being at the top. Before attaining its full growth it begins to blossom, and is one of its most beautiful features, filling the atmosphere with the most pleasant, fragrant, and mellifluous odors, attracting the attention of cattle and hogs, which are so fond of it, doubtless, on account of its fine aroma and pleasant taste which it has, green or cured. It is clad with its inflorescence in the honey season, and there is no plant that furnishes that article more abundantly, of fine quality, or of superior flavor. It is the honeybee's field of labor. It is a perennial, possessing only a tap root that penetrates the soil deeply, thereby enabling it to remain unaffected during the dryest Summer. Planted in April it will furnish a good cutting for hay or to make seed. The August planting makes the Winter crop. As a hay it ranks with the foremost, still retaining after it is cut and cured its fragrant odor. It should be cut when tender, between the heights of 12 and 20 inches. For soiling, this plant has no superior. It takes about eight pounds of seed to sow an acre, which may be sown in drills 15 to 18 inches apart in land free from weeds, or sown thickly broad cast.—FARMER, Franklington, N. C.

A Project.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In my pasture is a natural basin of about three-fourths of an acre. It is naturaiy about five feet deep on an average, and with very little work it can be made to hold water beneath the depth of frost. Now, my idea is to put this basin in proper condition, dig a well by the side of it, and over that put a windmill for filling the basin with water. This done, stock it with some good kind, or kinds, of fish. Now, who with experience comes first to the front with advice. I want to know if my plan is practicable, what kind or kinds of fish to put in, and if carp will bite at a bait on a hook; also if they can be caught with a net; or will they dive into the mud upon the water being agitated? A. B. WARNER.

White Rock, Kan., June 20.

Peach Trees in Sod.

A Maryland correspondent says he has a peach tree on a lawn which is kept closely mown, which is perfectly healthy and bears large crops of fruit annually, while all his orchard trees have long since succumbed to disease. He inquires whether it would be wise to treat a whole peach orchard like this? In our opinion it would. The main trouble of fruit growers comes from the earth getting too warm in Summer, a closely mown lawn is the perfection of good culture. Grass, when continually mown, has not very strong roots, and does not therefore rob the peach tree of its food, while nothing will keep the surface of the earth cooler. This is the reason why all fruit trees do best in grass as a general principle. But many people desire to get heavy crops of grass as well as heavy crops of fruit, all out of the same amount of food in the soil. When there is no more food than the fruit tree needs it is absurd to expect a full crop of grass also. But when most is had cultivation. But if one is situated so he can top dress the ground with fertilizing material occasionally, that cultivation is very good. Still, long as the fruit trees, because of the toadstools and shade which the grass gives the roots of the shade trees. The constant mowing plan, good as it is, and excellent as wood be the crops, might still not be a profitable mode for a market man. It is one of those questions which only actual figures could decide.—*Gardeners' Monthly.*

Don't Dry Hay Too Much.

Last year I had a out two acres of new seeded herdgrass and clover, the clover predominating. I cut it in a good day, turned twice, so as to be sure and get all the water dried out of it. When it was nicely wilted I raked it and put in a small hay 12 feet square, the boy pressed it from the cart slowly so as to give me time to tread every forkful firmly. It was the nicest hay I ever fed out. We gave it to our cows when they came to the barn daily in the fall, and they got a big flow of milk without meal. I shall put my hay all in so this year and take the consequences. I think we dry our hay too much. Be sure and get all the water out, save the natural juice contained in the grass, and try it. If you doubt it, try it on a small scale. It wont ruin you in one year and you may learn something as I did. If you try it, tread it firmly as you can in a tight place. —*J. J. Burgess, Chittenden County, Vt.*

Simple Methods with Grapes.

Grapes are so easily grown that a man can plant a vine almost anywhere you will, and depend upon abundant annual crops after the third year, if clean culture and close pruning are strictly attended to. The vines should also be trained to a single stem six feet high, or to a trellis not over five feet high. Don't allow the vine to spread more than the same distance each way. This gives all the room any vine needs to produce the best results. Many systems of pruning and training are pictured out in the books, but any system that results in close annual pruning will give an abundance of fruit at small cost. Incasing the cluster in small bags made of manilla paper as soon as the berries begin to form is strongly to be recommended, for after some years trial it is found to prevent rotting and to greatly increase the size and beauty of the fruit while not injuring the flavor in the least.—*J. H. Hale, Hartford County, Ct., in New England Homesteader.*

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

SNAILS.—I have been troubled for some time by snails destroying the tender leaves in my garden. What has a sure remedy?—MRS. D. SHOEMAKER, Locke Haven, Pa.

DUCKS.—Can you or any of your readers tell me something about fatting ducks? When and how often should they be picked? Should they be picked in June?—T. B. S., Wigwam, Colorado.

OSAGE ORANGE HEDGE.—Will some successful person please instruct me as to the best method of propagating and culture of Osage Orange hedge and Russian Mulberry, and also when and how to prune from trees, etc.—NEW YORK FARMER.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—One pint coal oil, ½ pint turpentine; mix, then dissolve one-half pound copperas in one-half pint boiling water, and mix all together, and give in mash food to chickens twice a week; small quantity at first, until they get used to it. Can be given to both old and young chickens. For pigs given in swill. We haven't lost a chick since using this receipt.—D. T. H., Rockland, Ind.

SCOURS IN CATTLE.—In reply to B. Bates, Jr., I will say that frequently a handful of salt will relieve cattle and horses of scours. If it does not afford relief in 12 hours I have no rise to a remedy for cholera that never fails. It is composed of equal parts sprits of camphor, tincture of opium and laudanum. Dose for an adult, 30 drops; for a colt or cow, one dessert spoonful. If not relieved in three hours, repeat the dose.—LEWIS BOYNTON, Farmingdale, Ingham Co., Mich.

Answers to Inquiries.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

WORMS ON GOOSEBERIES.—I noticed in the BLADE that a subscriber desires to know what will kill worms on gooseberry bushes. There is nothing equal to white hellebore, which is used by dissolving two teaspoonfuls into a pail of water and sprinkle the leaves on the bushes early in the morning. Two or three times applied to the insects will abolish them entirely. For bugs on squash and watermelon vines use wood ashes or soot sifted on the vines where needed, when the dew is on in the morning.

PIP IN CHICKENS.—To cure pip in chickens use three times a day for a week or more, two or three grains of black pepper in fresh butter.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Gapes in chickens can be cured by giving every day a little camphor the size of a grain of wheat, also putting a little into the drinking water. The worms must be removed by taking a feather, stripping it nearly to the end, putting it down the wind pipe, twisting it about and withdrawing it.

HOW TO CULTIVATE SAGE.—I have harvested sage for over three years successfully. My method is as follows: Sow the seed in April or May, in rich, mellow soil, in drills one-half an inch deep and a foot apart. The rows should be shaded with boards, etc., until the seeds have germinated and the plants clean of weeds. Ly—

plants, if properly treated, will be large enough to set out into permanent beds, in rows 15 inches apart, and planted 12 inches apart in the row. The leaves should be gathered just before they flower, and should be tied in small bunches and dried in the shade under cover, after which they may be stored away for use. The best variety is Holt's Mammoth Sage, which does not produce seed and is propagated only from root cuttings, the same as the quince, etc. One plant will yield at one picking more leaves than can be obtained from any four plants combined of the common varieties." It is free from the attacks of insects and any disease, and is very vigorous and hardy anywhere in the United States, and is highly recommended.

Plow Points.

More tobacco and hemp have been planted this year in Kentucky than ever before.

The country is now in danger again—according to the politicians—but do not let the cultivator remain idle in order to assist any one to office.

Bees are busy now, and wherever clover or buckwheat is grown these industrious insects should be kept. You can send them out to forage on your neighbor without fear of barbed wire fences or any other obstacles, as they do not regard corner stones or legal surveys.

The influence of good feeding, good care, and kindness, in increasing the flow of milk, is well illustrated by the Channel Island cattle. On these islands the cow is the pet of the household, and her great milk yield has been developed solely by the extra solicitude shown for her.

William Hartley, of LaCrosse, Wis., writes to the *Breeder's Gazette* that he has used a remedy for milk fever, which ought not to remain a secret. It is one and a half pints of lard and one-half pint of kerosene, given in new milk, warm, repeating the dose every two or three hours. He is corroborated by Mr. T. C. Jones, another correspondent, and, according to their experience the remedy has never failed to their knowledge, though frequently resorted to in that section.

Brain! To be a successful farmer you must have brains. "Aha," you say, "I have brains." Admitted; then why don't you use them? You have manure, and you use it. You have brains and you allow them to lie idle. Foolish man! You wonder that you are unsuccessful, and berate your calling. Do you wish success within your grasp? Then read, study, think. Don't get behind the times. Live up to-day—not yesterday. Put a pin in this: The most successful farmer is not the one who does the longest day's work, but the one who performs his labor most intelligently. Which way are you working?

AN OVERTASKED BRAIN.

A clergyman in Iowa, after a few weeks' use of our Treatment, says:

"Your Compound Oxygen *has worked like a charm.* I have no special ailment except from an overtasked brain. Wakefulness, nervous irritability, and tendency to paralysis were the most marked troubles. Now, after three weeks' use, *increase of weight, clear mental horizon, freedom from incipient paralytic attacks, and good rest.* What more could I ask?"

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

An Andersonville Hero.

During the Summer of 1864, not less than 30,000 prisoners were incarcerated at Andersonville. Of that number more than 14,000 were buried in the trenches outside the stockade. Through the months of July and August the death rate averaged 100 a day. An exchange of prisoners had been rendered impracticable through the refusal of the Confederate Government to consider any cartel which should include the colored soldiers in its prisons. At Andersonville there were perhaps 50 colored soldiers imprisoned. They were located in a group by themselves near the stockade gate opening towards Capt. Wirtz's headquarters. Most of them had fought in the Florida swamps, and had conducted themselves with bravery and credit. No one inside the prison had reason to doubt either the courage or patriotism of these colored soldiers. Fortitude and patience could not fail of inspiring admiration and sympathy. But there came an hour when the instinct of self-preservation momentarily won the mastery over the common sense of justice and honor, which prevailed even at Andersonville among the Union soldiers. An effort was inaugurated for the presentation of a petition, to be signed by the prisoners, to the Government at Washington, asking that a cartel of exchange might be arranged without reference to the exchange of colored men. The petition was receiving a large number of signatures. When it reached the 16th Connecticut, from the ranks of which, numbering 400 men and odd, fully 200 perished in the five months' imprisonment there, a fair faced, light-haired youth of 20 years addressed his associates, half of them not older than himself, in opposition to the plan. It was one of the most eloquent and daring addresses ever uttered in behalf of the defenseless and weak. Richard H. Lee, of Granby, the young orator, was the orderly sergeant of his company, and as manly as he was brave and fearless. He defended the right of the colored men in prison to be recognized and treated as Union soldiers, and entitled to every consideration which might be extended to the white troops. His speech had a magnetic effect, carrying hundreds of men back to the right track. To the honor of Connecticut, no man of the 16th regiment ever attached his name to the petition. Instead, so strong was the sentiment aroused against it, that it died in the hands of its originators.—*Hartford Post.*

"It Knocks the Spots,"

and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors and incipient consumption, which is nothing more or less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will no more than is claimed for it. We refer to *Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."*

What a Woman Can Do.

She can say "No," and stick to it for all time. She can also say "No" in such a low, soft voice that it means "Yes." She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils. She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time. She can pass a display window of a draper's shop without stopping—if she is running to catch a train. She can walk half the night with a noisy baby in her arms without once expressing the desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony has taken place. She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness and consideration will drive from her recollection. She can go to church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on and in some rare instances, can give a faint idea of what the text was. She can look her husband square in the eye when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being "detained at the office," without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal liar.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well. She can do more in a minute than a man can in an hour, and do it better. She can make the alleged lords of creation bow down to her own sweet will and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything with but one exception; she cannot climb a tree.

ATLANTA, GA., November 6, 1883.—I am averse on general principles to saying anything commendatory of proprietary articles, but there are a few on the market that force the profession who come in contact with the diseased and suffering to acknowledge their superiority. Among those I find Swift's Specific to rank high. One poor unfortunate requests me to tell you that he had long been a sufferer with terrible blood taint, and securing little if any relief from other treatment, finally resorted to Swift's Specific. He claims now that has afforded him relief, that he feels that his blood is pure again, and wishes me to express his deep obligations, with which I cheerfully comply. Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH JACOBS, Druggist

Over 750 suits are pending against the Wabash Railway, mainly for construction, aggregating over $2,000,000.

News of the Week.

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.

In the political world, the chief events of the week have been the meetings of several Democratic State Conventions. Much interest is felt in the result of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago next week, and the utterances of these bodies as to the choice of a candidate for President. The Ohio Democrats adopted a resolution expressing the opinion that the nomination is due to Mr. Tilden, but if he persists in his declination to be the nominee, the Ohio delegates will be divided on the subject. The Indiana Convention indorsed McDonald, of that State. The North and South Carolina Conventions sent uninstructed delegations. Below the report of these Conventians is given in detail:

OHIO DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic State Convention met at Columbus on June 29, with E. B. Finley as permanent Chairman. The Committee on Resolutions reported a long platform, reaffirming the platform of 1883; denouncing the Republican administration of National affairs; favoring "a tariff for revenue, limited to the necessities of the Government economically administered and readjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive industries at home, and afford just compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies;" for an equitable readjustment of duties on wool; for a liquor license law; favoring civil service reform; and that "it is the sense of this Convention that Samuel J. Tilden should receive the unanimous nomination" for the Presidency.

For delegates-at-large to Chicago, Durbin Ward, John R. McLean, Allen G. Thurman and Jacob Mueller were chosen.

The ticket was named as follows: Secretary of State, James W. Newman, of Portsmouth, renominated; Supreme Judge, C. D. Martin, of Lancaster; Member of the Board of Public Works, John H. Benfer, of Tuscarawas.

Developments after the Convention show that it was intended to make a stiff fight against McLean, the opposition centering against him as Payne's friend, and the man who opposed Pendleton, Thurman and Ward's interests in the recent Senatorial contest. Before going East Gov. Hoadly left a list of men for delegates, including Gen. Morgan, Adjt. Finley and T. E. Powell, and agreed to accept McLean as a compromise for the fourth place. In the Districts Hoadly controlled a large majority of the whole delegation. The success of McLean is attributed to the unswerving support of Hamilton County, which gave him all its 63 votes, never before voting solid in a State Convention. The election of McLean is causing quite a sensation. Many older politicians are amazed and some disgusted at the success of a man who had been denounced all over the State for his audacity and outlawry in politics. McLean says he is for Hoadly, and this is regarded as a plain indication that there will be a bitter fight in the Ohio delegation at Chicago.

The stampede started with the election of Ward was to include Thurman, Pendleton, and Congressman Warner. Then arrests, and the next movement was to nominate, by acclamation, to which motion Thurman was attached, and then McLean and Thurman elected by one vote, after which Lieut. Gov. Mueller, a prominent German and the personal friend of Payne, was selected. The delegation is strongly for a Western man for President, although unable to agree on an Ohio man, and solid against Payne in his own State. The delegation stands 38 for either Payne or Hoadly to eight against either of them, and will probably never vote as a unit.

Speaking at Cincinnati to friends of the action of the Columbus Convention Gen. Ward said: "I cannot interpret the Tilden resolution. It was as much a surprise to me as any one. The question of whom the Chicago Convention will nominate is a perplexing one, and growing more so every day. I am not sure that Payne can really have a majority of Ohio's delegation. Some of those district delegates classed as Payne men are not for him, and others may change. I don't know whether I shall be Chairman of the delegation or not. It is not the usage in Ohio to accept the delegate-at-large elected first as Chairman."

To a warm personal friend Gen. Ward is reported to have said before his election as delegate, and when he didn't expect it, that he was for Thurman for President.

INDIANA DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic State Convention met at Indianapolis on June 25, and was called to order by Hon. Joseph E. McDonald. After the adoption of the platform Isaac P. Gray, M. D. Manson and David Turpie were placed in nomination for Governor. On the first ballot Gray was nominated, receiving 669 votes, Turpie 223, and Manson 181. Manson made a speech, saying he had supposed a soldier of two wars would have received more consideration in a Democratic convention, but he was satisfied, and moved the nomination be made unanimous. Turpie seconded in a brief speech.

Col. Gray responded at some length, arraigning the Republican party and discussing the Chicago platform.

Several nominations were made for Lieutenant Governor, but all withdrew in favor of Manson, who was nominated by acclamation, and accepted.

W. R. Myers, of Madison, for Secretary of State; Samuel Mick, of Floyd, for Auditor; and John J. Cooper, of Marion, for Treasurer, were nominated by acclamation.

The platform demands tariff revision, while favoring protection to the industrial classes; favors a National eight hour law; enforcement of the anti-Chinese immigration law; land grant forfeitures; prohibiting ownership of land by non-resident aliens; civil service reform; pensions to all disabled soldiers; is in favor of a well regulated license system; opposes any change in the State Constitution. The name of Joseph E. McDonald is presented to the people of the United States as worthy to be their President, and Indiana delegates are instructed to support him at Chicago.

ANECDOTE OF GRAY.

A Western politician at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, remarked in reference to the nomination of Col. Isaac P. Gray by the Democrats of Indiana, for Governor: "Gray has a record. He raised a regiment of cavalry in Indiana during the war, but some other man took it to the front.

"Gray commanded two companies along the Ohio River for two months and then went home. His only service was to throw a Democratic country printing office into the Ohio River. Gray resigned, and in 1872 was the Republican candidate for Congress in the Sixth District. He was beaten by a Republican, took the Democratic nomination and was whipped at the polls. Since that time he has been a Democrat. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Blue Jeans Williams and served as Governor for 17 days on the death of Williams.

"Since that time he has been a candidate for nearly everything the Democrats had to give. The son of Mr. Cropsey, whose newspaper office Gray threw into the river, is now a leading Democratic lawyer in Indianapolis and a member of the State Committee. It is said he will fight Gray at the polls."

Mr. Calkins smiled a broad smile when he heard of his nomination. He was told of it at the Gilsey House, and at once expressed his confidence in his ability to beat him. The nomination is regarded by all Republicans here as a very weak one.

NORTH CAROLINA DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic State Convention at Raleigh, N. C., on June 27 nominated General Alf. W Scales for Governor, and Charles W. Stedman for Lieutenant-Governor. The delegation to Chicago is divided between Bayard and Cleveland. Gen. Scales telegraphed the acceptance of the nomination. In the evening Hon. Donald Bain was nominated for Treasurer; A. M. Tinger, Superintendent of Instruction; T. F. Davidson, Attorney General; W. L. Saunders, Secretary of State; W. P. Roberts, Auditor; S. McMerriam, Justice of the Supreme Court; Delegates-at-Large to Chicago; Thomas Ruffin, William P. Bynum, F. Fortch, Julian S. Carr and George H. Brown.

The entire delegation will meet in Washington July 4. They lean to the opinion that it is advisable to support Cleveland, while in sympathy with Bayard. The platform in respect to the tariff, reaffirms the fundamental principles, leaving the detail of the method by which the constitutional revenue tariff shall be gradually reached, to Congressional Representatives, but unless should be levied for revenue, and discriminations should place the highest rates on luxuries and the lowest rates on necessaries; pledges continued improvement in the school system and will accept such distribution of the present surplus revenues as may be made by Congress, if the same is disbursed by the State agents and not accompanied by embarrassing conditions; denounces the attempt of the Republican party to force civil rights as a living issue, as tending to stir up strife between races.

SOUTH CAROLINA DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic State Convention met at Columbia, S. C., on June 26. Senator Wade Hampton, C. H. Suber, F. W. Dawson and L. F. Youmans were elected delegates at-large. Hampton and Youmans prefer Bayard; Dawson urges Cleveland in his paper; Suber's preference is unknown. but supposed to be Cleveland. The Convention sent delegates uninstructed. The platform of 1882 was adopted.

MISSOURI DEMOCRATS.

The Missouri Democratic Convention met at St. Louis, on June 25. One hundred Missouri delegates were for Tilden, 400 for Cleveland, the remainder scattered between Bayard and Thurman. The Tilden men were for Cleveland as second choice. John O. Day, of Springfield; Morrison Munford, Kansas City; D. R. Francis, St. Louis, and Charles H. Manser, of Chillicothe, were elected delegates-at-large. Gov. Crittenden, who was an active candidate for the position, was beaten.

The Committee on Resolutions reported as follows: The Democracy of Missouri, in Convention assembled at the City of St. Louis, reaffirm the time-honored doctrines of the Democratic party as enumerated in the series of platforms adopted at St. Louis in Convention in 1876 and at Cincinnati in 1880. That we especially declare in favor of a tariff for the purposes of revenue and that the taxing power of the Government should be thus limited, and we are opposed to all policies intended or calculated to foster monopolies at the expense of the people.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted. Gen. Crittenden, Ex-Gov. Harding, John G. Priest and James D. Fox were elected as alternates to the delegates-at-large without balloting. Resolutions instructing the delegates to vote as a unit and also to vote for Tilden were howled down, and the Convention adjourned sine die.

SECOND AMENDMENT VOTERS.

The Ohio second amendment advocates held a State Convention at Columbus June 25, formed a State voters' union, and adopted a constitution for permanent organization. The object is to hold together the second amendment voters of Ohio. The constitution provides for a regular list of officers to be elected the last Wednesday in June of each year, with a committee in each Congressional District. Hon. Mills Gardner was made President until the next regular convention.

ARKANSAS DEMOCRATS.

The Arkansas Convention assembled at Little Rock on June 25. John G. Fletcher, S. P. Hughes, and Jacob Fralich were placed in nomination for Governor. Fourteen ballots showed little change, the closing ballot being—Fletcher, 98; Hughes, 83; Fralich, 20; necessary to nominate, 108. The mention in speeches of the names of Tilden and Hendricks, and Cleveland and McDonald was received with great applause.

POLITICAL POINTS.

BEN. BUTLER'S VIEWS.

Gen. B. F. Butler, in conversation at a New York hotel, had this to say of the bolters in Massachusetts and New York: "As to the strength of the Independent Republican movement in Massachusetts today, of the 313,000 voters of that State, the Independents can at the most muster only 10,000. There were 40,000 Republican voters who went out in 1878 and '79, as a protest against the machine rule in Massachusetts, and it is these very men who are now themselves bolting and protesting, which illustrates the old story of the Irishman and the balky horse. When the horse kicked over the dash-board, the Irishman said, 'Well, if you will come in, I'll go out.' So the former bolters will now come back. The Independent movement in New York does not look as formidable as did the Independent bolt for Greeley. Cleveland will not and can not have the un animous support of his party either, for although by the unit rule the whole vote of the delegation may be cast for Cleveland, nominally it will be known to the Convention that so many of the delegates are protesting that Cleveland's nomination will evidently be utterly unwise. Any candidate to undertake to run for New York will be undesirable for the Convention, because the State of New York may, and by far the greatest probability will, decide the election. I do not believe the disaffected elements in New York would support Cleveland if he were nominated."

THE TENNESSEE OUTLOOK.

W. P. Brownlow, of Tennessee, in a talk at New York, said that the Republicans had a good chance to carry that State. He said there had been a steady reduction of the Democratic majority during the last eight years on the tariff question, as now defined between the two parties," said Mr. Brownlow, "we can carry Tennessee this year. The desire for developing the mining and manufacturing interests of the State gives the Republicans a great advantage. Our candidate for Governor was a rebel private and he is very popular."

NEW JERSEY.

John W. Foster, of New Jersey, said there was never a better feeling or better organization at this stage of the campaign than this year. There is but one weak spot in the State, and that will not prove dangerous. We are making a fight to win this year and we do it. Thomas Fortune, editor of the Globe, the colored organ of New York, said to-day that he had received letters from hundreds of his subscribers, urging that he make his support of Blaine more pronounced. The colored voters, without regard to section, are turning in to work for the Republican nominee, with great unanimity.

KELLY BARGAINING.

The New York truth prints a special from Washington which declares that John Kelly has entered into an alliance with Blaine to defeat the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be. Whitelaw Reid, Stephen B. Elkins, Charles A. Dana, John Kelly, and a Buffalo editor are named as the chief conspirators. The dispatch hints that Kelly entered into a similar arrangement with Republican leaders in 1880; that Tammany Hall knifed Hancock in the interest of Garfield. This story has caused quite a stir in political circles. It is believed that Kelly will find himself forced to openly meet the charge.

DANA FOR PRESIDENT.

General T. J. Clunie, a Californian delegate-at-large to the coming Democratic National Convention at Chicago, said that now Tilden had declined the nomination, Dana of the Sun was his first choice for the Presidency. The Call this morning stated that a number of other Californian delegates will support Dana should he be placed in nomination.

BUSINESS MEN FOR CLEVELAND.

A dispatch signed by the Democratic Judges of the Courts and leading Democratic business men of Chicago, has been sent to Dan Manning, of New York, declaring in favor of the nomination of Gov. Cleveland by the National Democratic Convention.

COLORED DEMOCRATS.

A conference of colored Democrats, representing different States was held at New York on the evening of June 28, and delegates appointed to the National Democratic Convention to endeavor to secure representation for colored Democratic voters of the count y.

HOME PROTECTION PARTY.

Secretary Swager, of the Pittsburg Local Committee, says arrangements for the National Convention of the Prohibition and Home Protection party, to be held here July 23, is progressing satisfactorily. Eighteen States have already elected delegates, and it is expected every State will be represented. The Convention will be the largest temperance gathering ever held, as not less than 1,000 delegates and alternates will be present. The persons prominently mentioned for the Presidential nomination are Gov. St. John, Gideon B. Stewart, R. H. McDonald, Clinton B. Fiss, and John Russell.

HOADLY FOR PRESIDENT.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, in its issue of June 28, in a column double-leaded editorial, advocates the nomination of Gov. Hoadly for the Presidency by the Democrats.

NOTES.

ORVILLE, O., June 26.—The Twentieth District Republican Convention to-day renominated Wm. McKinley, jr., for Congress on first the ballot by 120, to 43 for G. W. Crouse, of Summit County, and 59 for A. S. McClure, of Wayne County.

PROVIDENCE, June 25.—The Rhode Island Democratic delegation is unanimous for Cleveland.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 27.—The Republicans of the Thirteenth District nominated W. W. Williams, present Minister to Paraguay, to succeed Calkins in Congress.

The Republicans of the Tenth District nominated W. D. Owen, of Cass County, for Congress.

Indiana Prohibitionists have determined to call a State Convention to meet in this City July 17, to nominate candidates for State offices, electoral tickets, President and Vice President, and to select delegates to the National Convention at Pittsburg, July 23.

WHEELING, June 26.—The Democrats of the Seventeenth Ohio Congressional District, in convention at Caldwell to-day, nominated Gen. A. J. Warner. No opposition.

The Republican National Committee

NEW YORK, June 26.—The Republican National Committee met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at noon to-day. Every State and Territory is represented, either by member or proxy, except Georgia, Minnesota, Texas, Montana, Washington Territory, Wyoming and Utah.

The following were named as Permanent officers: Chairman, B. F. Jones, Pittsburg; Secretary, Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut; and the following Executive Committee: J. B. Chaffee, Colorado; J. C. New, Indiana; J. M. Mason, West Virginia, J. M. Haynes, Maine; W. W. Crapo, Massachusetts; G. Sanderson, Wisconsin; S. B. Elkins, New Mexico; G. A. Hobert, New Jersey; George W. Hooker, Vermont; John Lawson, New York; R. W. Humphrey, North Carolina; Frank S. Blain, Virginia; Powell Clayton, Arkansas; Frank Morey, Louisiana; A. L. Conger, Ohio; John H. Carborn, Michigan; Church Howe, Nebraska; Cyrus Leland, jr., Kansas; John R. Lynch, Mississippi; J. Clarkson, Iowa; D. J. Layton, Delaware; and B. H. Rollins, New Hampshire.

Also the following Finance Committee: B. J. Jones, Horace Davis, John D. Lawson, David T. Settler, W. W. Crapo, E. H. Rollin, James A. Gary and George W. Hooker.

Sen. Chaffee reported in behalf of the sub-Committee to select a headquarters in New York, that 242 Fifth avenue could be secured. The report was accepted and the sub-Committee instructed to complete the arrangements.

The Executive Committee met in the same room and was in session two hours, with closed doors. Sen. Chaffee was made permanent Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Col. Hooker permanent Secretary. The committee delegated its full power to the sub-committee to act during the recess, consisting of Messrs. Chaffee, Elkins and Hobart. It is understood that these gentlemen will supplement the work of the Chairman on active organizing and working for the campaign. This sub-committee to-night resolved to add, under the power given by the General Executive Committee, the names of Conger, of Ohio, and Clarkson, of Iowa, to have more especial care of the committee and party work in the Western States. The General Executive Committee adjourned at 5 o'clock, subject to the call of the sub-committee.

The sub-committee and the Chairman will go to work at once on the organization of details of the campaign. The Financial Committee also had a meeting this afternoon.

PITTSBURG, June 26.—The selection of B. F. Jones, of this City, as Chairman of the National Republican committee, was received with general satisfaction here. Mr. Jones is President of the Western Iron and Nail Association, and head of the firm of Jones & Laughlins, the second largest iron firm in the United States. His political experience has been limited, but he is a man of great executive ability and energy. He is one of the wealthiest men here, and is about 60 years of age.

A Welcome to Blaine.

LEWISTON, Me., June 25.—J. G. Blaine arrived in town to-night, and received an ovation from the crowd assembled at the railway station. He at once drove to the home of Col. Drew, whose guest he is. After tea a procession composed of local military organizations and the Reception Committee in carriages escorted him to the hall, which was packed. After the speech of welcome he spoke to the assemblage, saying:

"It is a very great addition to the compliment of your reception that it is outside and beyond the line of party division, and that I am permitted to meet you simply as old friends and fellow-citizens of the same State, which I am proud to claim as my home. I attended a public meeting in Lewiston 32 years ago, when it was a small village. When I see the superb city which now welcomes me, and meet the vast assemblage of your people, I am more than ever impressed with the energy, character, magnificence and enterprise of the American people, Republicans and Democrats alike. [Great applause.] I can say with pride, quoting almost literally the language of Jefferson, that upon such an occasion as this, we are all Democrats and all Republicans. [Loud applause.] I cannot close without again thanking you most profoundly. Ladies and gentlemen, for the cordiality with which you have greeted me, wishing to each and all of you and to your two beautiful Cities a continuation of that abundant prosperity in the future which you have enjoyed so richly in the past." [Applause.]

Blaine, of Maine, Will Manage the Campaign.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Several members of the National Republican Committee are on the committee to notify the nominees of the result of the Convention, and while they were at Augusta they had a conference with Mr. Blaine. He proposes to take an active part in the management of the campaign. Mr. Blaine has not decided to take the stump, but will do so if his personal character is attacked. In that event he will make speeches in several of the larger Cities of the country. He is receiving a great many letters suggesting topics to be considered in his letter of acceptance, and some of them from men who are said to be opposed to him.

What Ben Butler Thinks.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Gen. Butler, during his recent visit to Washington, talked freely to friends about the political outlook. He said Tammany Hall could not be depended on to support Gov. Cleveland at Chicago. The concession made to Tammany at Saratoga was planned by John Kelly to cause a rupture in the State Convention, and the concession was a surprise to that shrewd leader. There was no effort and no desire on the part of Kelly and his followers, for the harmony and action of the Convention was not only a surprise, but a disappointment to them.

Gen. Butler spoke positively about this matter and from personal knowledge, asserting that he was Kelly's representative upon the occasion and made, on behalf of Kelly, the proposition which the opponents of Tammany accepted, and which was offered by Kelly in the hope and expectation that it would be rejected. Gen. Butler will be a delegate to the Chicago Convention and will appear there to manage his own "possum." He has its plans for operation, but says these are subject to change, according as events may suggest. He will introduce a resolution declaring that the internal taxes, as now imposed, should be continued and that the sum thus collected should be pledged for the payment of pensions.

Another resolution will declare for a tariff that will yield a revenue sufficient to meet the requirements of the Government, economically administered, and which will afford ample protection to American industries. As Gen. Butler expects to be a member of the Committee on Resolutions, he will have an opportunity to see that his resolutions receive respectful consideration.

Gen. Butler further said, speaking of Blaine's prospects, that he is the strongest man the Republicans could have nominated, and that Cleveland, if nominated, can not win because of the opposition of Tammany, and the fact that Blaine will receive the Irish vote. Gen. Butler does not hesitate to say that he (Butler) is the only man the Democrats can nominate who would divide the Irish vote with Blaine. It is very plain, from Butler's conversation, that he expects to be a positive force in the National Democratic Convention.

Booming Tilden—Anti-Monopolists.

NEW YORK, June 28.—A secret meeting is said to have been held to-day of persons interested in a public meeting to press the nomination of Tilden by the Democratic Convention at Chicago.

The anti-monopoly organization will be represented at Chicago during the session of the Democratic National Convention by 100 men to be yet named, who, according to the circular, will make "such honorable effort as shall seem to them best to secure the endorsement of the action and nomination of this organization at its National Convention in Chicago, May 14, by the nomination of the candidate then selected by it as the candidate of the Democracy." The circular adds: "This (anti-monopoly) vote, led and represented by Gen Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, who will, under any circumstances, with or without further endorsement, receive its full force in November for President."

McDonald's Chances.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 28.—A long conference in the interest of McDonald's candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination was held here to-day between Henry Watterson, William H. English, Col. H. E. Peyton, of Virginia, and several prominent politicians. McDonald was present. Assurances were given by Watterson and Peyton that their votes would deliver the majority of the Southern vote to him. The conference was a very satisfactory one to McDonald, and his friends to-night appear to be much encouraged.

The Kickers.

BOSTON, June 28.—A meeting of the Independent Republicans of Cambridge was held to-night for the purpose of forming a local organization in opposition to the Blaine-Logan ticket. About 300 gentlemen responded to the call, including Pres. Eliot, of Harvard College. A committee of 20 was appointed to perfect the local organization in Cambridge. Prof. Thayer, of Harvard, is a member.

Rousing Ratification Meeting in Denver.

DENVER, June 28.—A monster Republican ratification meeting, under the auspices of the Lincoln Club, the largest and most influential political organization in the State, was held at the Opera House to-night. An overcrowded meeting of 5,000 besides was held in the street in front of the St. James Hotel. The most prominent speakers in the State spoke, and great enthusiasm was manifested.

The Garfield Monument.

CLEVELAND, June 26.—The Trustees of the Garfield National Monument Association to-day decided upon designs for the monument. They called to their aid, as experts in monumental matters, Calvert Vaux, of New York, and Henry Vanbrunt, of Boston. Both came here separately, made examinations of designs, and gave the committee their criticisms. Neither had knowledge of the authors of the designs, or views of each other. The first $1,000 prize was unanimously given by the Trustees and both experts to Geo. H. Keller, of Hartford, Conn.; the second prize, $750, to Charles F. and Julius A. Schwenfurth, of Cleveland; the third prize, $500, to Moffit & Doyle, New York.

The artist to whom the first prize is awarded, adopted a tower for the form of the monument, and a carved and sculptured tomb is made the principal object of the memorial. The tower rises from broad terraces, reached by wide spreading steps, forming a dignified approach. A projecting porch, at the base, contains a vestibule on one side which is the keeper's office; on the other a room for relics and visitors' register. The vestibule leads into a round vaulted chamber, the stone domicil roof of which is carried on eight massive polished granite columns in a circle around the sculptured tomb, in the center. The pavement is tiled in harmonious colors and designs. The whole is lighted by richly mullioned windows. An aisle or ambulatory, outside of the columns, surrounds the chamber, the side wall of which is decorated with niches for statues or vases of flowers. A spiral stone staircase leads from the ambulatory to the top of the tower, 250 feet from the ground, in the ascent winding about the tomb. Below triple windows, at irregular intervals, command extended views for miles in every direction,

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

WASHINGTON, June 24.

SENATE.—The Mexican pension bill was taken up and debated.

The amendment was agreed to providing that no person shall be entitled to more than one pension at one time under the laws of the United States, unless that fact be specially stated in the law. The bill then passed—yeas, 37; nays, 27—as follows:

YEAS.

Allison,	Hill,	Morrill,
Blair,	Ingalls,	Palmer,
Bowen,	Jones (Nev.),	Pike,
Butler,	Lamar,	Platt,
Cameron (Pa.),	Latham,	Plumb,
Cameron (Wis.),	Logan,	Ransom,
Conger,	McMillan,	Riddleberger,
Dawes,	Mahone,	Sawyer,
Dolph,	Manderson,	Sewell,
Frye,	Miller (Cal.),	Sherman,
George,	Miller (N. Y.),	VanWyck,
Hale,	Mitchell,	Wilson—37.
Harrison,		

NAYS.

Bayard,	Farley,	Morgan,
Beck,	Garland,	Pendleton,
Brown,	Groome,	Pugh,
Call,	Hampton,	Saulsbury,
Cockrell,	Hawley,	Slater,
Coke,	Jackson,	Vance
Colquitt,	Jonas,	Vest,
Edmunds,	Jones (Fla),	Walker,
Fair,	Maxey,	Williams—27.

The following pairs were announced: Aldrich with Gorman; Cullom with Kenna; Anthony with Gibson; Hoar with Harris. The House bill to authorize the President to appoint two additional Justices of the Supreme Court of Dakota and one additional Justice for the Supreme Court of the Territory of Washington, was passed. The Legislative bill was then taken up, and the Senate went into executive session, and soon adjourned.

HOUSE.—Senate bill passed granting letter carriers 15 days leave of absence each year. The House then resumed the consideration of unfinished business, viz.: the bill repealing pre emption, timber culture, and desert land laws, and amending the Homestead law. Holman offered an amendment providing that hereafter no public lands, adapted to agriculture, shall be sold, except mineral lands and town sites, but that they shall be reserved for actual and bona-fide settlers under the Homestead law. Agreed to. On motion of Henly, an amendment was adopted providing that nothing contained in the bill shall be construed to repeal the act for the sale of timber lands in California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory. The bill passed—yeas, 147; nays, 41. The Electoral Count bill was then taken up, the previous question having been ordered on engrossment and third reading of the bill. Herbert offered an amendment to that section of the Senate bill which provides that the electors may determine all controversies concerning appointment, and such determination may be overruled by the concurrent action of the Senate and House. Adopted. The House bill was then adopted as a substitute for the Senate bill—yeas, 177; nays, 82. The Senate bill, as amended by the substitute, was read the third time and passed. The House then took a recess until 8 P. M.

At the evening session the House passed the following bills: For the settlement of accounts of officers of the army who served in the war of the rebellion; to authorize a retired list for privates and non-commissioned officers who have served 30 years; to provide for the settlement of claims of officers and men for the loss of private property destroyed in the military service; a bill appropriating $250,000 for the location of a branch soldier's home in Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri or Nebraska gave rise to a good deal of discussion, and on the question of its passage no quorum voted, and no further action was taken. The Senate bill passed providing for the disposal of abandoned and useless military reservations. Adjourned.

WASHINGTON, June 25.

SENATE.—Beck opposed the amendment proposed by the Senate Committee on Appropriations striking out the clause consolidating and reorganizing customs collections districts. The keeping up districts that did not pay expenses was merely to support a lot of election hummers; that was the meaning of it. Employees were kept because they contribute toward the success of the party in power. He had not wished to say this on the floor of the Senate, but he felt obliged to say it. The Secretary of the Treasury, Beck said, admitted that fact. Allison, Slater, Hawley, Hale, Dawes, Sewell, Jones (Florida) and Lapham supported the Committee's proposition. Hale remarked that if the House should pass a Senate Appropriation bill with the clause limiting the number of postoffices to 60, the case would be parallel with that under discussion. After further debate the Committee's amendment was agreed to striking out the clause directing consolidation—yeas, 37; nays, 29. The Senate Committee on Appropriation having proposed to strike out the clause permitting small distilleries to be run without storekeepers, Vance and Beck opposed the recommendation, and Allison defended it. Debate continued till 6 o'clock, when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—In the Mississippi election case, Davis (Mo.) supported the minority resolutions, which are as follows: "That the means and methods employed by the Federal administration in securing the election of James R. Chalmers, to the House, as appears by the majority report and evidence on file, are repugnant to and subversive of representative government, and said election is therefore declared void. That said Chalmers having accepted the office of special assistant United States District Attorney for the Northern and Southern Districts of Mississippi since said election, and holding said office up to and beyond February 1, 1884, is ineligible to a seat in this Congress, and a vacancy exists in the Second Congressional District of Mississippi." After debate Cook demanded the previous question, and the vote recurred on the second resolution presented for the minority. It was lost—yeas 90 to 98. The first minority resolution was also lost—yeas 57; nays, 161; and the majority resolution adopted without division. Chalmers then appeared at the bar of the House and took the oath of office. The House resumed consideration of the "backbone" railroad company forfeiture bill, and without action adjourned.

WASHINGTON, June 26.

SENATE.—Harris, from the Committee on Epidemic Diseases, reported and had recommitted to the Committee on Appropriations a bill authorizing that the President be authorized in case of threatened or actual epidemics to use the unexpended balance of appropriation made by act of March 3, 1883, not to exceed $10,000, in aid of State and local boards, or otherwise in his discretion in preventing the same and maintaining quarantine at points of danger. Beck offered as an amendment to the bill a section providing salaries to gaugers, storekeepers, etc., the following: "No part of the money hereby appropriated shall be expended for the maintenance of any grain distillery which has not a mashing capacity of 10 bushels a day." Lost. The bill then passed. McMillan, from the Committee on Commerce, reported the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bill, and requested it be printed and recommitted to the Committee. Agreed to. The Senate then took up the bill to forfeit the unearned land grant to the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company, and the Senate went into executive session and soon adjourned.

HOUSE.—The "Backbone" railroad land grant forfeiture bill was taken up. The vote on passage resulted—yeas, 77; nays, 121. Before the announcement of the vote, Lewis, who had voted in the affirmative, changed his vote to the negative, and moved a reconsideration. Ellis moved to table that motion, and pending this Lewis moved to adjourn. Lost. Lewis and White (N. Y.) resorted to filibustering tactics, and finally secured an adjournment.

WASHINGTON, June 27.

SENATE.—The McGarrahan bill was reported adversely and placed on the calendar. Joint resolution passed for settlement of accounts with the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. Bill introduced and referred to incorporate the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Bill passed granting right of way through Indian Territory to Southern Kansas Railroad. House bill passed, authorizing the extension of the Chesapeake & Ohio on lands of Fortress Monroe. Unfinished business was then laid before the Senate, being the bill providing for the forfeiture of unearned lands granted the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company. Morgan offered a substitute to take the place of provision restoring lands to the public domain, and resumption by the United States. A long debate ensued, and finally the motion to go into executive session prevailed. Before the doors closed, however, Hawley called the attention of the Senate to a statement in the Record that Sen. Logan owed 80,000 acres of land. This statement, he said, was untrue. "The gentleman referred to is only the owner of the land on which his father died, and to which he has added a little in his own State of Illinois." Alluding to the same matter, Logan said: "The statement is utterly false. I don't propose to give a schedule of my property to anybody, but the property I do own is in the State of Illinois. It is own so due to two or three tracts of land, but all put together would not make a one-hundredth part of what they charge." The Senate discharged the Committee on Privileges and Elections from further consideration of House bill on the electoral count, and ordered a conference committee on it. Executive session. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—At 1 o'clock the Committee rose for the purpose of permitting the House to dispose of the "Backbone" forfeiture bill. White (Ky.), rising to a position of privilege sent to the Clerk's desk and had read a letter published this morning, written by Rep. Ellis in 1881, to Capt. George, in which he intimated there had been improper means used to obtain the original grant. White thought a full investigation of the whole matter should be made. The Chair decided the question was not one of privilege.

WASHINGTON, June 28.

SENATE.—The House bill was reported favorably granting a pension to the widow of Gen. James B. Steedman. Calendar. The general deficiency bill was then taken up. A proviso (recommended by the Senate Committee to be stricken out of the House bill) that no part of the money appropriated for District Attorneys and their assistants should be used to pay special counsel fees, was agreed to. Hale explained that the striking out the clause had no reference to the star-route cases, but to the Guiteau trial. That was a laborious and protracted trial, and the committee had not thought the fees at all unreasonable. On motion of Sherman an item of $3,950 was added, to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to reimburse the amount paid for expenses of the Commission appointed to go to Louisiana in 1877. An item was added, authorizing the Attorney General to pay Charles H. Reed for services as counsel for the late Charles J. Guiteau, such a sum as he may deem just, not to exceed $3,000. The bill then passed. The Atlantic and Pacific land grant forfeiture bill was laid aside, and the River and Harbor bill taken up. On reaching the Senate Committee's proposed amendment appropriating $25,000 for the improvement of Coos River, Oregon, Slater, aided by Dolph, succeeded in getting the Senate to add $5,000 to the amount allowed by the Committee. Pugh hoped the Senate would not agree to the recommendation of the Senate Committee reducing from $350,000 to $250,000 the appropriation for continuing the improvement of the Tennessee River, including Mussels Shoals, and the Senate disagreed to the reduction and replaced the original amount. A message was received from the President transmitting a communication from the Secretary of the Interior calling attention to the omission of any appropriation for the Bureau of Labor. Blair submitted a proposed amendment to the Sundry Civil bill appropriating $20,000 for that Bureau. McMillan gave notice of his intention to move on Monday to limit the debate on the River and Harbor amendments to five minutes for each Senator. Executive session. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—The Senate amendments to the Legislative bill were not concurred in. The House went into Committee of the Whole on business reported from the Committee on Labor. The first bill considered was one providing for an adjustment of the accounts of Government laborers, workmen and mechanics arising under the eight hour law. The first section was amended so as to read as follows: "That whoever, as a laborer, workman or mechanic, is hereafter employed by or on behalf of the Government of the United States, shall be paid for each eight hours he has been employed as for a full day's work." The second section was amended so as to correspond with the first section, so as to apply merely to the future. The Committee then arose and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, June 30.

SENATE.—Bills reported: To provide for sale of prairie lands of Pottawattamie Indians; for erection of a public building at Akron; increasing from $100,000 to $175,000, the amount allowed for Ft. Wayne public building. River and Harbor bill taken up. Proposed reduction from $250,000 to $175,000 of the $1,235,000 for Kentucky river disagreed to. Debate suspended while joint resolution providing for continuance of present appropriations for five days from June 30 agreed to. Consideration of the River and Harbor bill resumed. Amendment adopted to devote $250,000 of the $1,235,000 for Mississippi improvement to the harbor of Memphis. Bills reported: To improve the channel between Galveston harbor and Gulf of Mexico. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—In the discussion on the Fortification bill, Horr favored the majority report of the Committee, advocating, particularly, the items of $1,000,000 for beginning the construction of new forts in the deep water harbors of the country, $500,000 for beginning new forts in more shallow ports, and $1,000,000 for the procurement of heavy steel rifled guns. The Committeerose, and Elliott reported a resolution declaring John S. Wise entitled to retain his seat as representative at large from Virginia. The views from the minority were presented by Turner. Ordered printed. Rosecrans presented the Conference report on the bill to provide for the disposition of abandoned and useless military reservations. Agreed to. Adjourned.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—In the Senate Harrison reported the House bill providing for the establishment of a branch Soldiers' Home west of the Mississippi. It was amended by substituting the Senate bill for the same purpose, already passed, and as so amended passed.

Sen. Cockrell reported favorably, with amendments, the House bill relieving from the charge of desertion soldiers who served until the expiration of their term and are improperly charged with desertion. The bill, after amendment, passed. As passed it requires that applications for relief provided for shall be made within five years from the passage of the act.

In the House, Randall submitted the report of the New York Committee on the Naval Appropriation bill, announcing inability to agree. The chief items of disagreement were appropriations for new cruisers and the continuation of work upon double-turreted monitors. Randall said nothing but an instruction from the House would induce the House conferees to yield on these two points,

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CHOLERA.

Rochard, chief of the Naval Health Department reports the number of victims at Toulon, as 8 to 10 daily; aggregate death, June 30, 14 in Navy and 31 in the town, and there are 62 patients in the naval hospital. At Marseilles no cases of cholera are reported. The Board of Health refuse to issue to vessels clear bills of health. At Teste, vessels arriving from Mediterranean ports are placed in quarantine 10 days if the crew are in a healthy condition, and 20 days if there are any suspicions of sickness on board. Constantinople is quarantined against vessels from Toulon. At Marseilles the chateau formerly belonging to Empress Eugene, has been prepared for 500 cholera patients. At Alexandria, French vessels are quarantined.

ENGLAND.

The famous Leight court collection of paintings were sold at auction in London Saturday. The sale attracted an immense crowd, and fashionable ladies and dealers, although many unprofessional connoisseurs were also present. The bidding was spirited and the total sum realized was over $250,000.——Moody says his revival campaign has been a success. Upwards of 400 meetings were held, and over 1,500,000 attended the services.——The Northcot Conference adjourned without decisive action. The Conference met Saturday afternoon at the Foreign office.——The News is authorized to deny the report that Gladstone endorses Ferry's interpretation of the clause in the Anglo French agreement relating to the evacuation of Egypt. Gladstone maintains the Powers must be unanimous in their opposition to a continuance of the British occupation in order to compel the withdrawal of British troops after 1887.

FRANCE.

Hanoi advices of the 26th ult. state that fighting near Hangson between the Chinese garrison and French forces continued two days. Ten Frenchmen were killed and 33 wounded. Two steamers have gone to seek the wounded. Gen. Negrier joined the French columns near Bak Le, and is awaiting further orders. Chinese generals Wan Gly and No Ny have 10,000 regulars between Bak Le and Langson.——It is reported Admiral Courbet has been instructed to demand a public apology of China, as well as indemnity for the violation of the treaty by China at Long-Du, and in case China refuses to grant it the French fleet will bombard Chinese Cities.

SPAIN.

The Cabinet, King Alfonso presiding, decided the two officers found guilt of desertion at Santa Coloma Del Farnes in April last, should be shot immediately. As they were shot Monday.——The announcement is made that Spain has no idea of ruling Cuba.

TURKEY.

The Province of Yemien, in Southwestern Arabia, has revolted against Turkey. Turkish troops have gone to suppress the uprising.

IRELAND.

A Committee from the Methodist Conference was admitted to the Pan Presbyterian Alliance at Belfast.——At the convention of Nationalists at Waterford, a resolution was adopted providing a fund for paying Nationalist members of Parliament a regular salary. The fund is to be raised by levying a tax of two pence on the pound on the ratable property of the members of the party.——A seditious notice is placarded at Doneraile, County Cork. It threatens the murder of Lord Doneraile, and says the end must come to Rossmorism and landlordism. It summons the Invincibles to meet to-day to arrange for the removal of Lord Doneraile.

RUSSIA.

There is a panic among Jews in the towns of Western Russia.

CANADA.

A series of sermons against Free Masonry has been inaugurated in the Catholic Churches. Mgr Fabre has issued a letter calling upon Catholics in the Province to seperate themselves from the order.——The Toronto Methodist Conference adopted a resolution favoring prohibition. The Conference also protested against the running of trains, street cars, ferries, printing presses, etc., on Sunday. Salvation army parades were denounced as an intolerable nuisance. A committee was appointed to confer with the Dominion Government for the enactment of laws carrying out the wishes of the Conference.

EGYPT.

At Suakim, orders have been given to detain and search all pilgrims, as it is supposed they will be allies from Mahdi to Micea.——Oliver Pain, in attempting to penetrate from Esneh to Obeid, was attacked by Arabs and robbed. He was found in the desert and carried to Eofou, where he was arrested. He will sue the Egyptian Government for false imprisonment.——Another Mahdi has appeared at Kaundawan. He is at the head of the revolt in Yemen.

CUBA.

Deaths at Havana from yellow fever during the past week, 25.

SCOTLAND.

The Theatre Royal, Edinburg, burned.——At Glasgow in the matter of the collision of the steamers State of Florida and Ponema, she Court found that the Ponema was navigated with proper seamanlike care, but that the Florida was not, and that Thompson, chief officer of the State of Florida, was to blame for the calamity. The Court advised the suspension of Thompson's certificate as master for six months; meanwhile he will be allowed a mate's certificate.

AFRICA.

There was a serious anti-Semitic riot at Algiers. The Jews' quarters were pillaged. Order was restored by troops.

MEXICO.

A Protestant missionary at Celaco, on the Central Railroad, was attacked by a mob, who destroyed the furniture and effects. The inmates escaped, but were pursued and fired on, returning the fire, one of the mob was killed and several wounded. The Mayor encouraged the attack, and refused protection.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Dr. John E. Vaile, of San Francisco, is missing. He is said to be the heir to an immense fortune in England.

John Caldwell, of Philadelphia, shot Mary Kelley dead for reproaching him with drunkenness. Caldwell was arrested.

The U. S. Circuit Court is considering a case in which 1,700 acres of land, in the heart of Duluth, Minn., worth $7,000,000, is involved.

The argument in the case of Eno, ex-President of the Second National Bank of New York, was concluded Saturday at Quebec. Judgment will be rendered Thursday.

Rev. Charles O'Reilly, of Detroit, Treasurer of the Irish National League, has received a letter from China, threatening death unless he immediately sends $25,000 to Ireland.

The coinage executed in the United States mint during June aggregated $1,-771, 435, including 1,140,000 silver dollars, 200,000 half dollars, 200,000,000 quarters, and 250,000 dimes.

Col. Cash, the South Carolina duelist, revenged himself on the people of Cheraw by removing the remains of his wife and her handsome monument from the village cemetery to his plantation.

William Reed, of Sewickley, while drilling a wild cat oil well on the Creswell farm near Butler, Pa., struck a heavy vein of gas. The pressure was so great that the roar of escaping gas can be heard several miles.

A rumor is afloat at Dayton, O., that Gen. Patrick, Governor of the Soldiers' Home, intends to resign. Gen. Charles Brown, of Cincinnati, and Col. E. F Brown, formerly Governor of the Home, are spoken of as his successor.

Gen. Swaim is said to be threatened with softening of the brain. If found guilty he must be dismissed altogether from the army. His friends are urging him to resign, but he holds on, hoping to be saved by some streak of luck.

The Appellate Court at Chicago has affirmed the judgment of the Circuit Court, giving a colored citizen named Timothy Cooper the sum of $2,600 for being ejected from an omnibus, owned by Ferd. W. Peck, solely because of his color.

It is semi officially announced that the Central Pacific Railway will postpone for a time the payment of salaries due employes this month, in order to accumulate funds for more pressing demands in the nature of current expenses.

The Franco-American Commander will deliver the Bartholdi statue of "liberty enlightening the world" to United States Minister Morton, July 8, in the presence of Prime Minister Ferry, and a delegate representing Pres. Grevy. The statue will be shipped to New York late in July.

Alexander Murray, a farmer residing near Albany, Green County, Wis., was bitten by a mad horse on the hand and will probably die. Murray's dog, a large hound, went mad recently and bit one of a splendid span of horses. This horse bit his mate and the latter bit Murray. The dog and the horses have been killed.

Annie Rebecca Schmidt, the daughter of a sea captain and a Chinese mother, appeared in the Probate Court of Chicago to attend personally to the settlement of her deceased father's estate and the formal discharge of her guardian. She presented her mother's marriage certificate, which was written in the Chinese language.

The Treasurer of the United States being now in daily receipt of new one and two dollar notes will, by direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, make remittance of such notes to the extent that the limited receipts will allow in return for United States notes and national bank notes redeemed.

The Secretary has issued a call for $10,-000,000 of bonds. The following are the original numbers of the bonds: $50, No. 315 to No. 344, both inclusive; $100, No. 2,365 to No. 2,705, both inclusive, and No. 9,484 to No. 9,513, both inclusive; $500, No. 1,151 to No. 1,338, both inclusive, and No. 3,994 to No. 4,008, both inclusive; $1,000, No. 11,089 to 12,374, both inclusive, and No. 22,813 to No. 22,857, both inclusive; $10,000, No. 20,-302 to No. 21,170, both inclusive; total $10,-000,000.

A Remarkable Cave, or a Remarkable Lie.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., June 30.—A natural curiosity that bids fair to outrival the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has just been discovered on the farm of John Davis, who resides six miles east of Jacksboro, Campbell County, Tenn.

Only one chamber has been explored thus far, and that only partly, in which pre-historic mummies, with sandals on their feet, in an excellent state of preservation, have been found, some petrified, others preserved by the salt of the cave.

The walls of the chamber are decorated with paintings of extinct or imaginary animals. A large stream abounds with blind fish. A portion of the chamber contains pieces of textiles and indications of fire work in metal.

Mr. Davis has captured a species of jackal, or red fox, and the cave seems to be alive with both animal and vegetable life. Crickets as large as English sparrows hop or leisurely walk off when alarmed, and rats as large as jack-rabbits run about in semi-domesticated recognition. Fossil prints of exquisite mould are well defined in the hardened mud, and miniature forests along the banks of the river are clothed in snow-white foliage and sensitive flowers.

Faith Cures.

CLEVELAND, June 30.—Church circles in Cleveland are greatly excited over several remarkable cures, said to be in answer to prayer by Dr. Hickman, pastor of Woodland Methodist Church, and by members of that church. A man named Adcock was suddenly cured of sciatica. A Mrs. Mansfield walked for the first time in seven years after a fervent prayer and a special effort of faith. But the most remarkable case is that of Miss Rebecca Kerby. She has been bedridden for 40 years with a spinal complaint and a complication of maladies. For 28 years she has not sat up once. Dr. Hickman and his people took her case in hand. She began to have faith, and a few days ago arose from her bed, sat in her chair for an hour, and walked across the room, and has repeated it several times since. She says that she has not a doubt of eventually being made strong and well. Her case has excited great interest and attention.

Political Points.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—Since Speaker Carlisle and Representative Morrison, of Illinois, have announced their hostility to Randall the squabble has grown interesting, and there are many things probable now which seemed altogether impossible a fortnight since. It is known that Tilden has been all along acting for Randall, and that he desires that Randall should be nominated. The hostility of the Speaker and Morrison may fire him to passion. It will require a two thirds vote to nominate. It is said by some of Randall's friends that if, after a few ballots are taken, it becomes apparent that Randall cannot be nominated, and it is seen that the tariff reformers have fought indecently, or begin to so fight in the coming convention, the Pennsylvanian, that the name of Tilden will be sprung, and sprung with the intention of nominating him and with the knowledge that he will accept.

This means that the Randall men intend to hold Tilden as a club over the head of the tariff reformers. Whether this proceeding is sanctioned by Tilden is not stated, but it is being worked all the same. On the other hand, the reformers say they will, should Randall develop strength that may lead to his nomination, favor Tilden; but that can avail nothing, since he would accept, under no circumstances, without the recommendation or request of Randall.

LONDON, July 1.—The Standard says: "Influential Irish Americans have urged Parnell to issue an address to Irish voters in America, requesting them to support Blaine in the Presidential contest, in the hope his election would result in fomenting difficulties between England and the United States. Parnell has heretofore declined to accede to requests of this nature."

Members of the Swaim Court-Martial.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—The President has directed that Brig. Gen. David G. Swaim, Judge Advocate General of the United States Army, and Lieut. Col. Albert P. Morrow, 6th U. S. Cavalry, be brought to trial before a general court martial, appointed to assemble in the City of Washington, September 10. Following is a detail of the court: Maj. Gen. J. M. Schofield, Brig. Gen. A. H. Terry, Brig. Gen. W. B. Rochester, Brig. Gen. S. B. Holobird, Brig. Gen. Robert Murray, Brig. Gen. John Newton, Col. C. H. Smith, 19th infantry; Col. G. L. Andrews, 25th infantry; Col. L. P. Bradley, 18th infantry; Col. R. B. Ayres, 2d artillery; Col. E. S. Otis, 20th infantry; Col. H. M. Black, 23d infantry, with Major A. B. Gardner, Judge Advocate.

Blaine has accepted the invitation of Bowdoin College, and will be in attendance at Commencement day, July 10th, the guest of Gen. Chamberlain.

Ex-Sen. Kellogg.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—Ex Sen. Kellogg, at his own request, appeared before the Springer Committee to-day to make a statement relative to his connection with star routes. He said: "A number of witnesses before this committee have been dwelling on my indictment as an offense involving bribery. There is no charge that I paid Brady any money whatever. I utterly deny telling Walsh to put one-half of a certain amount to my credit and one-half to Brady. Reference has been made to my having secured an increase on two routes. If Brady was called and should swear to the truth, as I believe he would, I believe he would swear that I never approached him, directly or indirectly, as regards these expeditions. Nowhere does Price state that I said I would go to Brady and procure additional service, or that it would be procured by my service. I will give the names of four or five gentlemen to whom Price has said I had nothing to do with securing the service."

Kellogg referred to the alleged payment to him by Walsh of one-half the price of drafts and a note amounting to $10,000. He said Walsh had importuned him to aid in prosecuting his claim against Brady, but he had not rendered the aid. He said further he did not receive money from the drafts or note as charged. Walsh, he testified, had borrowed $6,000 from him in New Orleans in 1877. The money he received from Walsh grew out of business transactions, and was in no way connected with the star route service or political matters.

Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—Decrease of the public debt during June, $9,217,256; decrease since June 30, 1883, $101,040,971; cash in the Treasury, $391,985,928; gold certificates, $98,392,660; silver certificates, $119,811,691; certificates of deposit, $12,-885,000; refunding certificates, $200,000; legal tenders, $346,681,016; fractional currency, $6,980,061; available cash, $139,887,-488.

Verdict for $5,000 Against a Saloonkeeper.

CINCINNATI, June 30.—Mrs. Eliza Blakeney to-day obtained a verdict for $5,000 damages against Chris. Green, saloonkeeper, in a suit under the provisions of what is known as the "Adair liquor law," which makes a saloonkeeper amenable to the wife of a drunkard if he continues to sell him liquor after being warned by her not to do so. Her husband died from the effects of drink.

Rev. Derrick, colored, declines the nomination of Elector-at-Large of New York, as affidavits are filed that he is not a native born citizen.

MONUMENTAL EVIDENCE.

The Royal Baking Powder Unequaled for Purity and Wholesomeness.

The following certificates from well known chemists and scientists form as strong an array of evidence as was ever given in behalf of any article of human food:

Government Chemists Reports.

Prof. Edward G. Love, the Government chemist, says:

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. "E. G. LOVE, Ph. D."

Prof. H. A. Mott, Government chemist, says:

"It is a scientific fact that Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure.
"H. A. MOTT, Ph. D."

Wm. Mc. Murtrie, Professor of Chemistry, Illinois Industrial University, late Government Chemist, Department of Agriculture, says:

"The Royal Baking Powder has been used in my family for many years, and this practical test, as well as the chemical tests to which I have submitted it, prove it perfectly healthful, of uniform excellent quality, and free from any deleterious substance. "WM. MCMURTRIE, E. M., Ph. D."

Rush Medical College, Chicago.

Dr. Walter S. Haines, Professor of Chemistry, Rush Medical College, Chicago, says:

"I have recently examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the open market, and have found it entirely free from adulteration and injurious substances of all kinds, I have several times before tested the Royal Powder, and have always found it, just as in my present examination, skillfully compounded and composed of the purest materials.

"WALTER S. HAINES, M. D."

Dr. H. D. Garrison, Professor of Materia Medica and Toxicology, Chicago College of Pharmacy, says:

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder obtained from my grocer, and find it to be composed of pure and wholesome materials in correct proportion. It contains no alum or other injurious substance. The purity of the cream of tartar employed in this powder is worthy of special mention, since it does not contain the tartrate of lime usually present in baking powders, in which cream of tartar of inferior quality is used. "H. D. GARRISON, M. D."

College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago.

Prof. C. B. Gibson, chemist, College Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, says:

"I recently procured a sample of your (Royal) baking powder from the kitchen of a private family in this city, and subjected it to an examination. I found it so different from many of the baking powders advertised as 'strictly' and 'absolutely pure,' and so far superior that I thought you would be pleased to know it, and might find use for the certificate.

"In view of the vast difference and stupendous frauds that are offered to the most 'gullible' people on the face of the earth, it pleases me occasionally to strike an 'honest article.' "C. B. GIBSON."

Kentucky State College.

Dr. A. E. Menke, Professor of Chemistry, Kentucky State College, says:

"I have very carefully examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, and find it to be a cream of tartar powder of high strength, not containing any terra alba, alum or other deleterious ingredient, everything being pure and wholesome.

"ALBERT E. MENKE."

Prof. Henry Morton, President of Stevens' Institute of Technology, says:

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or other injurious substance. "HENRY MORTON."

Dr. J. H. Wright and Dr. Albert Merrell, analytical chemists, late the firm of Wright & Merrell, St, Louis, each says:

"I have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the open market here, and in the original package. I find it to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest grade of strength, containing nothing put pure, wholesome and useful ingredients. "JUAN H. WRIGHT, M. D.
"ALBERT MERRELL, M. D."

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, }
WEDNESDAY, July 2, 1884. }

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$ 897,800
Specie, increase	4,469,300
Legal tenders, decrease	2,700
Deposits, increase	5,460,200
Circulation, decrease	14,900
Reserve, increase	3,101,550

The banks are $13,119,600 excess legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 3@4 ₱ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6 ₱ cent. Bar silver, 110. Sterling Exchange firm at $4.81¾@4.82¼ for long and $4.83¾@4.84 for short. Government Bonds firm. State securities dull. Railway bonds steady. Stocks quiet and firm with general improvement. The fact that but few railroad companies defaulted July interest, had a strengthening effect.

Government Bonds—4s, registered, 99¾; 4½s, 111; 4s, 121¾; Pacific 6s, '95, 123.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	June 1.	June 24.
4½'s coupons	111	110
4's coupons	118¾	118¾
3's registered	99¾	100
Pac. 6's, '95	123	123

TRADE.

There has been no marked improvement in general trade during the week just closed. In the Wheat growing regions banks are holding their cash to aid in the movement of crops. Until the grain begins to move freely there is likely to be dullness.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday, of last week, No 2 Red Wheat was worth 91½c in this market; on Wednesday it noted 92c; on Thursday it receded to 91½c; on Friday it declined to 91c; on Saturday the value was about 91c, and on Monday it was worth, nominally 89¾c, or a decline during the week of 2c.

During the past week there was not much disposition manifested in the beginning to lay hold of wheat, even at a decline, but toward the close business became more free, sellers being more disposed to meet the views of buyers. Cash wheat exhibits a decline within the week of about 2c, while for future delivery there was a depression of 1½c in July and 1½c in August contract. It is thought by some that the short lines of wheat put out in Chicago during the last half of the week just closed may result in a movement for a rise, which, if successful, would stimulate the markets elsewhere. No considerable quantity of wheat may be looked for on the markets of the West until about the 1st of August. Between now and then prices may be put on a higher basis, but a sharp improvement under the most favorable circumstances will not take place The outlook is excellent, and unless some unlooked for injury overtakes the wheat before harvest, it will be a most difficult matter to put it much above present rates. Corn has taken pretty much the same course as wheat, and at the close of the week a decline in leading grades is noted of 1 to 2½c, prompt delivery.

At to-days session of the Toledo Produce Exchange the market for cash wheat was almost lifeless. What did sell indicates a pretty sahrp decline.

No 2 Red Wheat to-day	1,000 bu
" " yesterday	4,000 bu

No 2 Red Wabash Wheat, 87¼c; No 3 Red Wheat, 86c, Lake Shore, 1½c decline.

White Wheat—Sale No 1 Lake Shore at 98c.

For future delivery there was heavy dealing in No 2 Red Wheat, the sales reaching nearly 600,000 bu. The cause of this activity was principally on account of orders to sell and changing from July to August. Prices were weak and lower.

	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
	bu	bu	bu	bu.	bu.
Sales to-day	12000	251000	116300	103000	
Sales yesterday	93000	187000	20000	2'000	

Seller July opened at 87¼c and closed at 86⅞@ 2½c decline; seller August, 89¼c, and was pounded off to 85¾c, 2½c lower; seller September, 90½, fluctuated and declined to 90¼c, 2¼c off; seller October, 91¼@91c, fatter to conclude, 3c down.

No 2 Corn sold to a fair aggregate, with but few sales. Market lower.

Sales Cash Corn to-day	28,000 bu
" " " yesterday	11,500 bu

New High-mixed Corn, 50½c, 2½c off; No 2 Corn, 53c, 1½c decline; Rejected Corn, 51c, 2c depressed.

For future delivery there was an active market for No 2 Corn. Prices weak and lower.

Sales to-day	85,000 bu
Sales yesterday	19,000 bu

Seller July, 55@52½c, less value to close, 1½c depressed; seller August, 54c.

Oats but little done. Sales No 2 at 30c; seller July, 30c.

The Visible Supply.

CHICAGO, July 1.—The visible supply of grain for June 28, as compiled by the Secretary of the Chicago Board of Trade, and published at 11 o'clock to-day:

Wheat	15,488,000
Corn	6,500,000
Oats	3,453,000
Rye	441,000
Barley	297,000

Wheat shows a decrease of over 1,000,000 bu. the past week, and the supply is 6,000,000 bu. less as compared with the same time last year.

General Produce.

PITTSBURG, July 1.—Oil dull and heavy; unfavorable field news had a depressing effect; trding light; opened at 60c and declined to 57¾c, but recovered 58¾c at noon.

KANSAS CITY, June 30.—Wheat lower and nominal; 73⅝c asked cash, 73c bid; July; 73½c asked. Corn—Lower and weak; 42¾c bid cash; 42¾c July; 41¾c bid August. Oats dull and nominal; 26c bid.

BUFFALO, July 1.—Wheat, nothing doing; No 1 hard spring, 103c asked August; September and October, 101c bid and asked; year, 98c bid. Corn offered at 56½c July and August. Oats sales No 2 white, 37½ on track. Canal freights unchanged.

DETROIT, July 1.—Wheat quiet; cash, 99½c; July, 99½c; August, 92¾c; September, 93¾c bid; No 2 Red, No 2 White 84½c; receipts, 1,000 bu; shipments, — bu. Corn—No 2 cash, 53½c asked; receipts, 2,000 bu; shipments, — bu. Oats—No 2 white, 35½@35¾c; No 2, 34c; receipts, 3,000 bu; shipments, — bu.

CINCINNATI, July 1.—Flour dull and unchanged; family, $4 40@4 65; fancy, $4 90@5 25. Wheat dull and nominal at 94c. Corn weak and drooping. No 2 mixed, —c. Oats dull at 32½c. Rye dull at 64c. Provisions quiet and unchanged. Pork at $15 75@15 87½. Lard at $7 00. Bulk meats at $5 62½@5 00. Bacon at $6 75@8 87½@9 32½. Whisky firm at 107c.

MILWAUKEE, July 1.—Wheat weak; No 2, 81½c; July, —c; August, 84½c; receipts, 61,000 bu; shipments, 1,000 bu. Corn quiet; No 3, 55c. Oats steadier; No 2 mixed, 31c. Rye weaker; No 1, 60c; No 2, 56½@57c. Barley neglected; No 2, 58c; September, —c; receipts, 2,700 bu; shipments, — bu.

CHICAGO, July 1.—Wheat lower at 82¾c July; 83¾@84¼c August; 86c September; 87c October. Corn lower; 50¾c June; 50¼c July; 52½@52¼c August; 52¾c September. Oats 29¼c bid July; 26¾c August; 25¾c September; 25½c bid year. Rye 60c. Flaxseed at 155c. Whisky 110. Pork July and August lower; $19 40 July; $18 75 August; $17 75 September. Lard lower; $7 15 July; $7 32½ August; $7 47½ September.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30.—Flour—Market weak; Western extra, $3 75@4 00; Pennsylvania extra, $3 00@3 50; Pennsylvania family, $4 50@